HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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HIGH AND DRY—THE CHANNEL HAS CHANGED.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 23, 1895.

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THE PROGRESS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND seems to be determined to leave to his successor in the Presidency little or nothing to do as to the extension of the civil service rules to branches of the service to which they can possibly be applied by Executive action alone. The problem of withdrawing from the reach of the spoils system the immense number of postmasters, whose quadrennial slaughter was for several generations one of our grossest national scandals, has long puzzled our civil service reformers, and various schemes for regulating the appointment of such officers were devised, none of which, however, altogether satisfied those who made them. President CLEVELAND, after due consultation with the Postmaster-General and the National Civil Service Commission, has now, by a simple amendment of the civil service rules, established a way of accomplishing this purpose in a manner which, while placing a very large number of postmasters under the merit system, at the same time satisfies a long-felt want as to an improvement of the business machinery and methods of the postal service. The order making this amendment simply authorizes the Postmaster-General to consolidate with the principal post-offices the smaller ones surrounding them, making them mere branch offices or stations instead of independent post-offices, to be administered by superintendents, who are to be under the civil service rules, and under the control of the principal post-offices, instead of being directly under the Postmaster-General.

The postmaster of New York will thus have under him not only the general post-office, with its several branch stations in the city, but also, within a wide circuit, the smaller, or, as they might be called in a large sense, the suburban post-offices, which likewise become mere stations, to be administered under his orders and responsibility. In like manner the postmasters of Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, and of other central points, will have the smaller post-offices in their surroundings under them as mere postal stations, the superintendents of which will be under the civil service rules. It is strikingly evident that this division of the country into a number of postal districts, the service in which will to a very great extent be regulated in detail, not, as heretofore, by one central authority in Washington, but by officers being in immediate contact with local wants, will certainly result in a considerable enlargement of postal facilities and accommodations, as well as in improved business methods. It is equally evident that the substitution of station superintendents, originally appointed after competitive examination and advanced under the merit system, for postmasters appointed at haphazard upon the recommendation of influential politicians or party committees, will not only furnish the postal service a far superior *personnel*, but will withdraw from the reach of the spoils system a very large number of places, and correspondingly diminish the demoralizing influence of spoils politics.

That this most beneficent measure will encounter acrimonious opposition there is no doubt. The party boss who wants offices to reward and hold his heelers, the Congressman whose statesmanship and popular influence consist mainly in the manipulation of patronage, the party manager who knows much about the distribution of plunder and little of principles and policies, and the local politician who is constantly on the lookout for a "plum"—all these will denounce this reformatory act as a most nefarious and detestable encroachment upon popular rights. Indeed, they may be able to stir up here and there some local prejudice against it. Local pride will be invoked to protest against the degradation of this or that town from the dignity of possessing a full-fledged post-office to the despicable state of having only a "station"; politicians will furiously declaim against this attempt to deprive "the people," meaning themselves, of the privilege of designating the men who are to receive and distribute their letters, and more such nonsense. Nor is it at all improbable that the wrath of the spoilsmen who see their booty vanish will be loudly echoed in Congress. We shall not be surprised to hear of bills being introduced and advocated by patronage-mongers of both parties to stop this administrative reform by legislative interference. It is therefore highly desirable that it should be vigorously supported by the patriotic and enlightened public opinion of the country.

The Postmaster-General has already expressed himself to the effect that the change is not to be carried out in a sudden and sweeping manner, but gradually, and with careful consideration of local conditions. This is wise. As a rule, the names of post-offices will not be changed. Postmasters who have performed their duties with honesty and efficiency will, although in a changed character, be kept in place under the new system. Local pride will be spared in every possible way. No attempt will be made to force the new order of things upon localities where its introduction would injuriously interfere with the public convenience. The object of furnishing more efficient and satisfactory service to the people will be kept steadily in view. And thus it is to be expected that this reform will rapidly commend itself to popular favor in such a degree that the opposition of the spoils politicians will be baffled in this instance, as it already has been in many others.

In our opinion this is the most important forward step in civil service reform since the first introduction of the merit system in the national service. It boldly goes beyond the mere clerical positions and strikes at spoils politics in the largest sense. The post-office in the small town or village has been the omnipresent embodiment of the spoils idea. It has been pre-eminently the prize fought for by the local politicians. It has done more than anything else to give party contests the character of scrambles for plunder. It has been the gathering-place of the party hacks and wire-pullers. It has more than anything else accustomed the popular mind to the notion that a change of party in power necessarily means a partisan change in the minor offices. A measure of reform tending to take a large majority of the post-offices out of politics by putting them under the merit system thus strikes at the strongest bulwark of the spoils evil. We therefore most earnestly call upon friends of civil service reform all over the country to give this measure their attention, and to rally public opinion to a vigorous support of it.

WHAT OF NEXT YEAR?

WHAT are to be the conditions of the next contest for the Presidency? Are the two parties to front each other under the leaders who conducted the campaigns of this year? Is there to be no change in the dreary round? Is "boss" once more to fight against "boss"? Is the Democratic party to take no gain to itself from the wreck of its "bosses"?

These are pertinent questions for the politicians, as well as for those of us who play no active part in the control of parties, and under present conditions can have but little influence in the selection of candidates. Only two things can be said to have been established by the recent elections—the people have manifested a deadly enmity towards the "bosses" of the Democratic party, and the advocacy of the free coinage of silver appears to be unpopular. The Republican party did not win a party victory. Democratic voters declined to permit their leaders to win a victory for their party candidates. On the other hand, in the only State in which a Republican "boss" might have been defeated by the votes of his own party he was permitted to win a great triumph. QUAY's hold on the Republican machine of Pennsylvania is firmer than ever. Perhaps the same may be said of PLATT's hold on the Republican machine of New York, and of FORAKER's on the Republican machine of Ohio. It may be that the Republican politicians of the country are content, and that they are confident that their machine can defeat the Democratic candidate next year, as it has defeated GORMAN, SMITH, BRICE, and HILL this year. But in this they are reckoning without their host. The history of the elections of the last six years shows clearly enough that the fate of parties is in the hands of men who cannot be counted on to accept every platform or to support every nomination that may be presented to them. The fact that they have voted the Republican ticket this year, or that they have remained at home because they wished to teach the Democratic "bosses" a needed lesson, does not prove that they will vote the Republican ticket or remain at home next year. On the contrary, we believe, if the Republicans nominate a trimmer, or a man either tainted with the evil of bossism or possessed of unsound currency views, and if the Democrats nominate a candidate of good character and ability, that many of those who voted the Republican ticket at the last election will vote for the Democrat, while the vast army of this year's stay-at-homes will go to the polls.

There is no doubt that the condition of each party is very low, and that the leadership of each is deplorable and disgraceful—disgraceful to the country as well as to the party. As the parties are now organized we shall have in 1896 QUAY, PLATT, CARTER, CLARKSON, and FORAKER as the leaders of the Republican party, and GORMAN, HILL, SMITH, and BRICE as the leaders of the Democratic party. This is a bad outlook. It is true that we have had such leadership for several years, but the people have been showing a growing discontent with it by defeating now one party and now another, and nearly always on account of the beaten party's leadership. In Ohio BRICE is punished this year, and FORAKER may be punished next year. When the people of New York grow tired of beating HILL, they will turn their attention to PLATT. If the parties should be reorganized, the voters might have some other motive than the punishment of a "boss." Unfortunately for the Republican party, the "bosses" are so elated by their recent victories, and many of their followers are so satisfied with them, that it may be impossible to induce the Republicans to consider the subject of reorganization. Indeed, very little inclination towards independence has been manifested in recent years by members of that organization, and the eminence of PLATT and QUAY is largely to be accounted for by the docility of the Republicans of Pennsylvania and New York under their rule, hard and offensive as it must often seem to the best men of the party.

In the Democratic party quite a different state of things exists. In this State CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, EVERETT P. WHEELER, EDWARD M. SHEPARD, and the group of Democrats who have saved Buffalo from the clutches of SHEEHAN have declared war on their party's machine. In Maryland, Democrats succeeded in overthrowing GORMAN. And in Ohio there were many stay-at-homes. Can a reorganization be effected by the Democrats who believe in political principle so sincerely that they are willing to sacrifice their political futures in its behalf, and who are determined that corrupt men shall not be elected by their votes? This must be done if the Democrats are to have any chance whatever of winning the coming Presidential election. They must remember that, other things being equal, the Republicans will carry the country. As between bad men, the Republican bad man will win. It will then be four years more before a Democratic "boss" can possibly defeat a Republican "boss," and, as we have already said, the country is tired of the eternal round of such punishments. If the Democrats want to win the next election, they must not only nominate a better man than the Republican candidate, but their campaign must be conducted by better men than the "bosses" who have been overthrown. The country has had a sad experience during the last three years of the consequences of trusting a party with power because it has approved of its candidate for the Presidency. It is not likely that it will again take a good man who is to be surrounded and thwarted by bad party leaders in Congress. The essential condition of Democratic success is that the party shall be regenerated, and that it shall be led by those who revolted against HILL in New York and GORMAN in Maryland. Its "bosses," its Sugar Trust servants, its "heelers" and "strikers," must not only be sent to the rear, but it must be made plain to them that there is no future for them in the Democratic party. It is not harmony that the party needs. It ought not to start out on a search for harmony through the elevation of some man who has made friends of both sides or factions, who has winked at GORMAN's Baltimore methods, and has spoken in behalf

of HURST because he was "regular," or who is as popular among the blackmailers and panders of Tammany Hall as he supposes himself to be with the men who prevented HILL'S nomination in 1892. Such harmony will be obtained at the cost of the movement against the "bosses," and will not deceive the voters of the country.

Indeed, the reform leaders ought always to bear in mind that it will be difficult for the Democratic party to convince the people that it is honest in any efforts it may conclude to make for reform, and nothing will compel such a conviction except a complete reorganization. Such a reorganization can be effected if the Democrats who have already manifested an aggressive hostility to their "bosses" will set about the task at once, and especially can a change be brought about in the State of New York if the independent Democrats accept the fact, known to other men, that the machine will never surrender to them, and if they refuse to be seduced by an appeal for harmony.

To all this it may be objected that the Republicans will carry the country no matter what the Democrats may do. Probably they will if they nominate a good candidate, but nothing is sure in politics, and even if the Democrats are to be defeated, do they not prefer defeat with honor? Moreover, is it not worth while, for the country's sake, to stir the hope that politics may become purer in the future, and, to that end, to set an example which will certainly be of infinite value to the rising generation of voters?

AN ANGLO-SAXON ALLIANCE.

THERE is no doubt that the present English government is desirous of effecting an alliance of some kind with the United States. The position of the empire in European politics is far from pleasant. Great Britain is in the way of a number of governments that are pushing colonizing schemes, and that are desirous of getting the better of the veteran exploiter among the treasures of far countries. It is a momentous time for Lord SALISBURY, and it is not surprising to read in the *Spectator*, which is supposed to be very well informed as to what is passing in the Premier's mind, such sentences as these:

"War between England and the United States is civil war, and neither branch of the Anglo-Saxon race is going to shed brother's blood for a mile or two of barren mountains in Guiana;" and,

"Even if the cannon were ready to fire, and the gunner's hand on the lever, there would be in the end no war, for on each side of the Atlantic there are millions of quiet, plain, undemonstrative men who would forbid the outrage, and declare that, come what may, humiliation or no humiliation, right or wrong, there should be no war."

These are brave words, and we frankly confess that we like them. There certainly is no dispute existing between the two countries that is at all likely to result in war, and it will take a larger number of vociferous belligerents than we now possess to drive an American Congress or an American Executive to a declaration of war or to the commission of a warlike act. Indeed, we should not be afraid to trust the peace of the country in the keeping of Senator LODGE, especially if he would promise to make CHANDLER his right-hand man. Such a combination would represent the spirit of jingoism quite as truly as it was represented by the late Mr. BLAINE; and even if Mr. LODGE should get in earnest and really long for war, his fell designs would be speedily taken as an occasion for merriment on both sides of the water, especially if the duty of writing the proclamations and the interviews were intrusted to CHANDLER.

This country wants no war with England or any other power. If it has differences of opinion with another government, it prefers to settle them by arbitration. It will not tolerate the extension of European institutions on these continents by the imposition of the monarchical form of government on an unwilling American people. Nor will it defend any American country against the just demands of a foreign power. But, as it is not likely to interfere in the affairs of other American states beyond insisting on the immunity of those states from political overthrow by European powers, it is also not likely to enter into a general warlike alliance with Great Britain or any other power. The people of the United States do not feel themselves to be under obligations to the government of Great Britain. To them Great Britain is known as the sustainer and defender of a neighbor on our northern frontier who is not always a pleasant neighbor to deal with. There is no reason why we should grow sentimental in our friendship for a power that feels compelled to break her word with us whenever the Dominion of Canada insists. There is no present reason either why we should aid Great Britain in defending her far Eastern possessions, or in keeping up her burdensome and costly colonial system, especially since we have constant experience of the neighborhood ills that are occasioned by independent and irresponsible colonies.

Therefore we think that while the United States will not go to war with Great Britain, and will probably sympathize with her if she fall into difficulties with one or more of the European powers, we are not likely to accept the invitation to make a closer alliance, even though, as the *Spectator* puts it, that alliance is immediately for the maintenance of the MONROE doctrine. We have got along for a good while without any entangling alliances, and we can get along without them a good while yet, although the picture painted by the *Spectator* seems very attractive. "Under such a treaty," it says, "America would have the MONROE doctrine made invulnerable—it would thenceforth rest on the sea power of England—and would therefore be free of all fear of being drawn into European complications." On the contrary, we fear that an alliance with the "sea power of England" would increase the chances of our being drawn into "European complications."

If England at any time shall stand alone among European powers in defence of civilization, she will doubtless have not only the sympathy but the fraternal support of the United States. In such a cause we on this side of the water would probably not let our brethren on the other side fight alone. But there is no reason why we should make an alliance with her for the defence of the MONROE doctrine—which is not likely to be threatened by any power but Great Britain—or for the maintenance of her colonial system.

THE ANARCHIST ON HORSEBACK.

THE success of the Atlanta Exposition had been unmarred by any untoward incident from its opening day until the celebration of what was intended to be a "Chicago day" brought to the front the unwelcome presence of JOHN P. ALTGELD in his official capacity as Governor of Illinois. In this capacity he was the guest of honor of the exposition commissioners, and he promptly showed his appreciation alike of his duty as a guest, as a citizen, and as an official by insulting the army of the United States and his hosts, who had arranged for a military escort for the anarchist Governor. He flatly refused to appear in a parade in which Federal troops were to take part. In certain controversies between a gentleman and a blackguard the blackguard gets the best of it. This is what happened in this case. The gentlemen of the United States army withdrew from the controversy. The anarchist rode on horseback at the head of the procession.

Such an occurrence, happening only a few days after Herr MOST and LUCY PARSONS and their fellow-anarchists in Chicago had celebrated the anniversary of the execution of the Haymarket Square murderers, is impressive. It illustrates the solidarity of anarchy, the community of interest of the enemies of society. The action of MOST and of LUCY PARSONS was a protest against the law which punished a band of remorseless and bloodthirsty assassins for their wholesale murder of unoffending policemen. The protest of Governor ALTGELD was directed against a department of the Federal government which had protected the citizens of Illinois from riot, arson, pillage, assault, and the subversion of the law under DEBS and his fellow-strikers. In each case the motive was the same, the impulse identical. The only difference was in the result. The ravings of the apologists for the Haymarket Square slaughter passed away into the air unheeded. The apologist for DEBS and the railroad riots carried his point. He inflicted a lasting disgrace on the State he represented, and on the management of the exposition, which, in a moment of weakness, yielded to his bullying. Of the two classes of anarchists, the one who rode on horseback at the head of the procession on Chicago day at the Atlanta Exposition is by far the more dangerous.

THE NEED OF THE NAVY.

THE advocates of navy *personnel* reform are already beginning to talk of securing early consideration for their measure, and it is to be hoped that these efforts will be successful. There will be some delay, because the session will be the first of a new Congress, and the House of Representatives contains so many new men that every committee is likely to have several members who must be instructed in old matters. The bill must be introduced again, and a new inquiry into its merits will doubtless be made by the Committee on Naval Affairs. Whatever bill may be presented, however, ought to be reported at a comparatively early date. In the last Congress the commission which devised the scheme made a thorough investigation of the whole question of rank and promotion in their relation to the efficiency of the service, so that most of the work is done for the new Congress.

The bill that was the outcome of the commission's work would doubtless have been passed by the last Congress if opportunity had been given for consideration. The bill fell for lack of time. It had many enemies and one unfortunate feature. The opponents of the rejuvenation of the navy secured the incorporation into the *personnel* bill of the old staff and line fight, and the consequence was that the friends of the service had for their antagonists not only the opponents of progress, but the staff-officers, who insisted that the bill should not be passed because it did them injustice.

It is to be hoped that the friends of the reform will omit this feature from the new measure. It is not necessary to settle questions of relative rank and of the pay of staff-officers in a bill for the promotion of the efficiency of the navy. Indeed, it is out of place to attempt such a settlement in such a measure. It is true that in the last bill the proposed changes in pay were suggested in order to make reorganization as cheap as possible, but the opposition to the bill in Congress on account of a few dollars will not begin to equal that which the staff of the service is able to stir up when its pay and rank seem to be assailed. At the most the cost of reorganization will be small, it will be a diminishing charge on the Treasury, and it is best to present the new bill on its merits.

The navy needs the kind of reorganization that was suggested in the last measure. The purpose of that bill was to rid the service of its lumber, and to provide fairly rapid promotion for the best of its officers. As the *personnel* of the navy is constituted to-day it is as inefficient as it is possible for such a body of men to be. The men at the head are old, and most of them lost their interest in naval progress before they reached flag rank. As much can be said of many of the captains. The consequence is that we have ships representing the highest development of the art of building war-ships, while most of the men who command our squadrons and our important ships were brought up in wooden hulls, and are unable, by reason of age and habits, to learn to handle properly the new and complicated tools of their trade. If the present state of things continue we shall have rear-admirals reaching their grade within a day or two of retiring age, while few of our present lieutenants will hold command rank in any one grade long enough to enable them to make a cruise. The service has already suffered from the inaptitudes of officers who have only attained to responsibilities when they should have long exercised command, and after years of subordination have unfitted them for it. If the navy is to be commanded by its best men, our officers must reach the higher grades when they are young, enthusiastic, and full of energy. To compass this the old men of to-day must step aside. They may think this unjust, but they will be cared for, and the real injustice is felt now: it is the injustice to the country involved in the system which makes the navy the asylum for old age and a grave for youthful ambition.

A BRITISH SOCIAL CELEBRITY.

THE charge made against American society that it is based upon the worship of money has been so often repeated and insisted on that we have almost come to believe it ourselves. The fact that it is not true, either as a general proposition or in detail, has not sufficed to offset the weight of authority, which is on the side of our accusers. The charge has gone so far that we should probably have entered a plea of guilty and thrown ourselves on the mercy of the court, if recent experiences had not led us to pause and consider.

These experiences, briefly stated, are, first, that the nation which is most urgent in reproaching us as money-worshippers has recently made itself most conspicuous in the devoutness of its worship of the American dollar; and second, that the condition of society in which distinction is based on money-bags, and which does not prevail in this country, does most undoubtedly prevail among our censorious and superior cousins in England.

The first statement is more than supported by the rapidly increasing custom of international marriages in which the pecuniary advantage is altogether on one side, and that the side of the British money-worshipper. The second statement is merely the obvious comment on recent social successes in the very highest of high life in London.

It is not true that mere millions without breeding or refinement can make their way into the leading social circles of New York or of any other great city in this country. It is quite true that mere millions unaccompanied by breeding or refinement have given their possessors the *entrée* of society in England. Two conspicuous recent instances are those of Colonel NORTH, the "Nitrate King," and "Barney" BARNATO, the "Kaffir King."

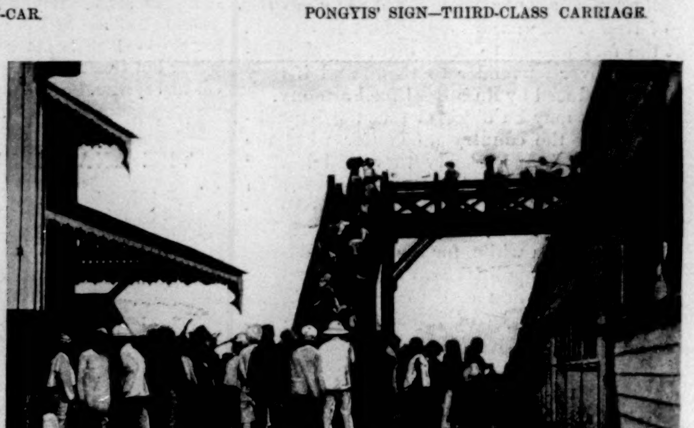
It is doing no injustice to Colonel NORTH to say that he has absolutely no other claim to notice except his millions. As a recent candidate for Parliament he made himself the laughing-stock of the nation by his exposure of his ignorance, bad grammar, and general vulgarity. Yet he has reached the highest level of social distinction in England. In common with celebrities from this country, he is "a friend of the Prince of Wales."

The case of Mr. BARNATO, the Kaffir King, is even more striking. It is a proof that money, and nothing but money, is the sole condition for passing the portals of high life in England. Mr. BARNATO'S early history is enveloped in mystery. When he first appeared in opulent eminence it was said that his start in life was made as a clown in an exceedingly modest circus tent. The myth has since been explained by his admirers as arising from his fondness for private theatricals, this form of amusement having been much in vogue in the diamond drifts and gold-diggings of South Africa. What is known about him is that he has made a sudden fortune variously estimated at from fifty millions to five hundred millions of dollars. Among his quoted sayings are his boast that he "will stand any man a drink, but will lend no man a fiver," and his advice to "always have the first hit." These maxims sufficiently indicate the social rank in which Mr. BARNATO ought to be found, and in which he would probably continue to flourish if he were an American. Here his place would be with others as illiterate, as ignorant, and as vulgar as himself. But in England he is a financial and social lion. Society accepts not only his tips and his premiums, but his presence. Personages of the highest distinction are not above paying him obsequious homage, and he is perhaps a more notable social light than the young duke who has recently illustrated in another way the sincerity of British criticisms upon American money-worship.

FEMALES' SIGN—THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE.

TROLLEY-CAR.

PONGYIS' SIGN—THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE.



SCENES AT A STATION.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN BURMAH—THE BURMAH RAILWAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 1120.]

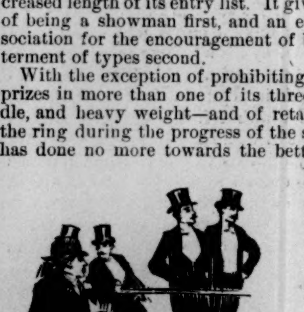
THE ELEVENTH HORSE SHOW OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

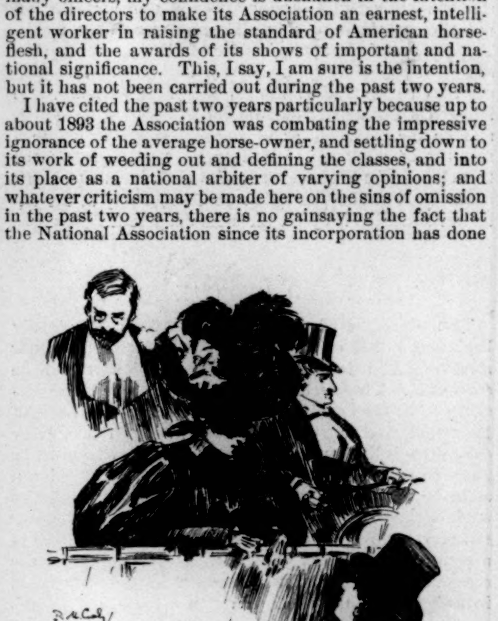
AS years go by we are prone to store away the passing and pleasing incidents of life, enveloped in a glamour which age mellows rather than dispels. As the Horse Show comes and goes each season, the very brilliancy of its setting and the overwhelming proof of its popularity on one account and another dull discernment of its more modest attainments. Our senses for the time being are too much alive to its success—the ring never empty of superb horses, the ever-moving throng of human life—and so we sit and stare and admire and rush home to bolt our dinner, and for six days practically live in the Madison Square Garden, and in the atmosphere of what is really the greatest exhibition in America.

We may, indeed, be forgiven our bewilderment during the week, and for remembering best its brighter side, but we should not forget that this show of ours has another place to fill besides that of being a mere spectacle. Is our Horse Show really national, or is it all that it should be after its dozen years of life? It seems to me as if for the past two years the Association had, to a very considerable extent, rather subsided into an impassive organization that is content with the pronounced commercial success of its annual exhibition. Its activity apparently ends with the increased length of its entry list. It gives one the impression of being a showman first, and an earnest, intelligent Association for the encouragement of breeders and the betterment of types second.

With the exception of prohibiting hunters from taking prizes in more than one of its three classes—light, middle, and heavy weight—and of retaining a veterinary in the ring during the progress of the show, the Association has done no more towards the betterment of the classes than the average theatrical *impresario* does towards the encouragement of dramatic art. It may be that I have thrust greater responsibilities upon the National Association than it cares to assume; that its ambition does not reach beyond being the successful manager of a horse show. And yet I doubt it. Judged by what the Association has already done, and from what I know of at least some of its many officers, my confidence is unshaken in the intention of the directors to make its Association an earnest, intelligent worker in raising the standard of American horseflesh, and the awards of its shows of important and national significance. This, I say, I am sure is the intention, but it has not been carried out during the past two years.

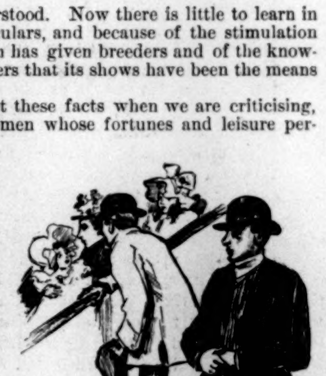


I have cited the past two years particularly because up to about 1893 the Association was combating the impressive ignorance of the average horse-owner, and settling down to its work of weeding out and defining the classes, and into its place as a national arbiter of varying opinions; and whatever criticism may be made here on the sins of omission in the past two years, there is no gainsaying the fact that the National Association since its incorporation has done a great work for American breeders and for the improvement of our horseflesh generally. To those who remember the first show the great advance in quality of last week's exhibits seems almost incredible. One can hardly believe it has all been done in ten years. Yet in that time our saddle-horses have grown, as a class, from insignificance into prominence, our ponies from nothingness to wide recognition, and our harness-horses from mediocrity to excellence that certainly is unsurpassed anywhere in the world.



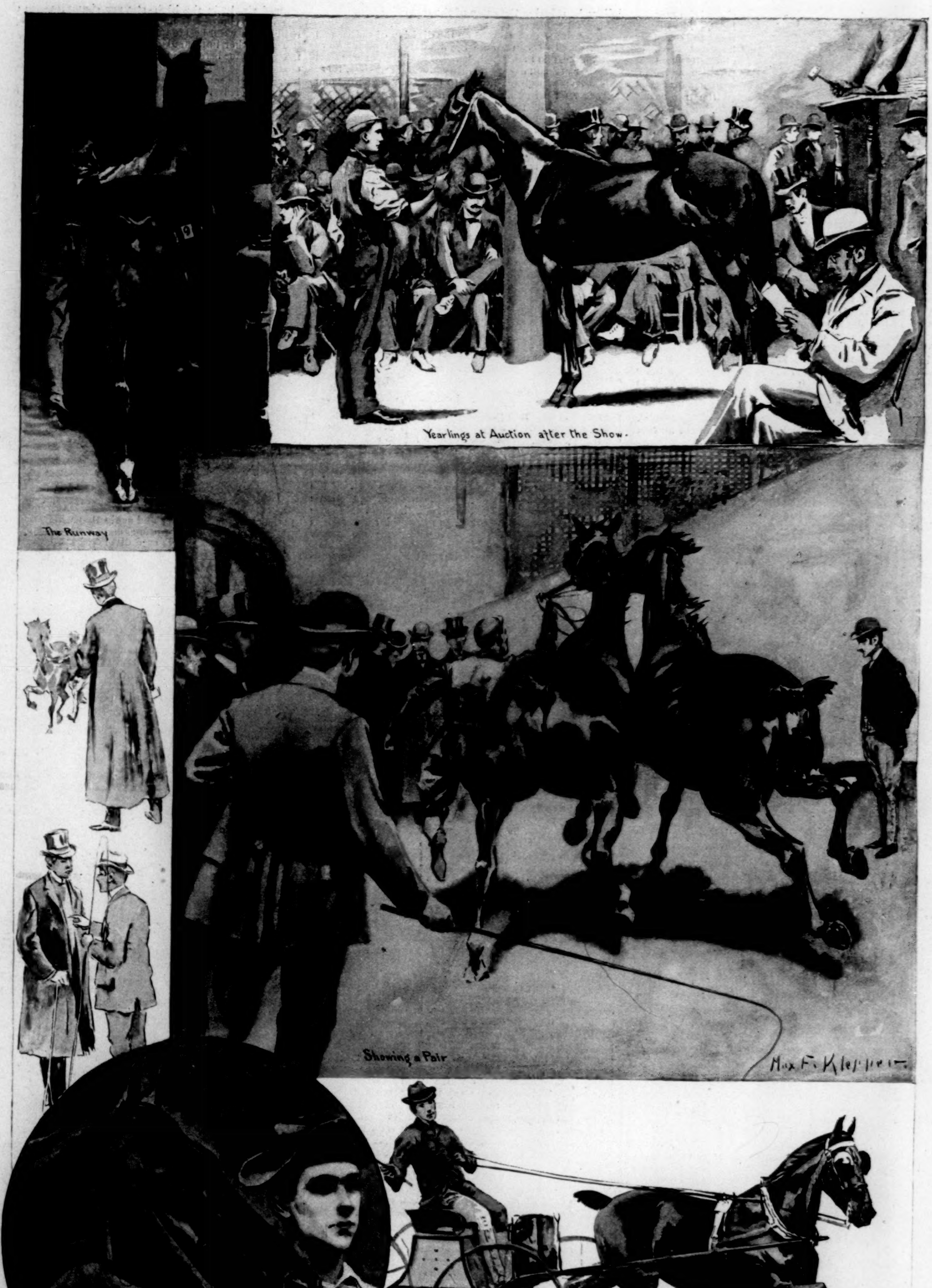
More than that, our equipages have kept pace with the development. Although the workmanship of our carriages has always been of the highest order, a dozen years ago the variety was small, and their correct use limited to the comparative few; harnesses were inappropriately decorated and used, cockades were numerous, and form was not generally understood. Now there is little to learn in any of these particulars, and because of the stimulation that the Association has given breeders and of the knowledge on such matters that its shows have been the means of distributing.

Let us not forget these facts when we are criticising, nor that the gentlemen whose fortunes and leisure permit of an indulgence in high-steppers, hackneys, and fancy-priced boxes have been the most earnest workers and most valuable allies in this evolution. Superficial observers are apt to rail at the prominence given hackneys and high-steppers, and to sneer at the show as an exploitation of fashion rather than of horses, a verdict that, except possibly in the provincial districts, receives no serious consideration. The recognition of the show by "fashion," so-called, has been the means of popularizing it among that cheap class of mortals who would rather have a necktie like a duke's than a brain like a Daniel Webster's. And while such as these know and care nothing for the horse, nevertheless they too have helped on the good work, for their entrance-money has gone to enrich the coffers of the Association, and to help it on to prosperous existence.



As for the hackneys and high-steppers, it remains yet to be demonstrated at the show to what lasting and practical use the former's introduction will lead; but the high-steppers have certainly given us a class of carriage-horses such as was not even dreamed of fifteen or twenty years ago. So, as a matter of fact, there is nothing in the past history of these shows that has not operated beneficially in the general progress.

Nor has the influence of our New York



IN AND OUT OF THE NEW YORK HORSE-SHOW RING.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.—[See Page 1106.]

show been merely local. The incentive to breeders has created rivalry and betterment of produce, which in turn has quickened the desire for sale, and several cities in as many different sections have responded by establishing annual exhibitions. Boston for two or three years held a very creditable show, which was discontinued, but is to be established again next year. Philadelphia's open-air show has long been regarded as the best of its kind in America. Chicago held one a few years ago, which failed because of incompetent management, but is to be tried again, I hear; and last winter San Francisco held its first, and a very creditable show. Besides these at large centres, there is no end of small shows, some at county fairs and general in their exhibits, and some held by private individuals, and of special breeds. Great encouragement is to be derived from these shows because of the high quality exhibited, at least to some extent, in nearly every class, and because of the pleasing evidence which they all contain of the wide dissemination of a more thorough knowledge of the animal, and of a more accurate conception of form, and of all that goes with it.

The National Association, which, with its annual shows and the individual efforts of its members, is largely responsible for this universal development, has good reason therefore to survey the result of its ten years of endeavor with much satisfaction. But that is no reason why it should now consider its mission fulfilled, or cease its efforts for the further elevation of our national standards. I have always attached great importance to the position of this Association in relation to American horseflesh, and I do not believe I have erred in overestimating its possibilities. If we are to continue advancing along the lines thus far developed there must necessarily be a type to guide breeders, a national standard generally recognized, and a national arbiter to whose show-ring breeders can appeal for decision. The Association stands to-day in that position before the American public, and though it does not really fill it to complete satisfaction, nevertheless it goes so far towards meeting the requirements of the trust that but very little further effort on the part of its directors would leave nothing to be desired.

It seems to me that the most important and first step towards such national status is the adoption and publication of a scale of points to govern every class in the show catalogue, and the posting of decisions made in accordance with such a scale. The present Star-chamber manner of ruling on a horse does not impart the significance that should be attached to the winning of a blue ribbon, and it leaves the breeder, who above all is entitled to consideration, utterly in the dark. At present the ribbons convey only the personal opinion of the judges—good

judges, to be sure, but judges who without a generally accepted standard for guidance may be, and indeed often are, influenced by particular qualities against or in favor of which they are prejudiced.

If there were such an advertised scale we should not now be wondering how Blazeaway got second in Class 57, while Ruth, with better action and pace, and equally good conformation, was ignored; why Golden-Rod and Blazeaway secured the blue ribbon over Monarch and Sensation in the tandem class; how came Valdimar and Grand Prix, two of the grandest horses seen in the New York ring, to win drawing a brougham and to lose before a victoria, and how Hurricane was ignored in a green hunter class. The decisions may have been in consonance with the predilections of the judges, but no one outside of the ring understood them.

The next step for the Association is the disassociation of harness and saddle horses, of hunters and saddlers, and of trotters and roadsters. It is silly even to attempt an argument on the inappropriateness of a harness-horse being entered in a saddle class, or *vice versa*, in a showring that claims to collect the pick of the country and to render judgment of national import.

The reasons are patent to every horseman outside of the National Association, and certainly should be to the Directors. It is a fact, however, that there were fewer instances of the same horse being entered in both saddle and harness class this year than in any previous show. And as the Association did not make this a compulsory measure the improvement really is very encouraging, because it goes to show that the knowledge comes from within and is widespread. However, there were yet too many examples of ignorance, and there probably always will be, until the Association proves to us that its interest in American improvement is greater than in American dollars, by refusing the entry of the same horse for both a saddle and a harness class.

Not so much may be said on the division of saddle and hunter entries, because here the animals fill places more nearly alike, and in occasional, and, I may add, exceptional instances are equally good in each. Nevertheless, there should be a separation, if only to place our standards and our show on a footing with the mother-country, whence we brought our first hunters. And surely there is a marked difference in the appearance and conformation of a hunter. The hunter is a distinct type, and we did not see a very great many of them at the show this year. It is possible for a good hunter to be an excellent saddle animal, but the reverse is rare. At present our saddle, hunter, and jumping classes are confused hopelessly. Jumping is introduced, of course, primarily for the gallery, and under the conditions is slight indication of what may be expected in the field. At the London Hunter Show there is no jumping. We ought to have classes for hunters, in which the animal's conformation should be of first consideration, and from which saddlers and hacks generally that can jump are excluded. Then, as the gallery must be pleased, I fancy, let there be jumping classes in which all may meet over the bars.

Here, too, there has been much improvement in entry and in management by the Association, and particularly in the ring. It was exceedingly pleasing to all those who know and love a horse to see Mr. Hitchcock in the jumping classes stop the further efforts of an entry once it had demonstrated its unworthiness to consideration. Hitherto horses have been permitted to continue on floundering over the jumps until the prescribed number of circuits of the ring had been made.

As to separating roadster and trotter classes, not a single result is shown to give any suggestion of effort on the Association's part towards a distinction of these types. On the contrary, even in the genuine roadster type, which in isolated cases has found its way into the show in years past, but has apparently given up all hope of recognition this year, there was not one entry that could be called worthily representative. If the Association believes the trotter and roadster are one and the same type, then the introduction of the separate classes in the show catalogue seems for no other purpose than to give the same stables an opportunity of winning twice with the same horses. But such a procedure does not meet the requirements of American horsemen, nor encourage the higher development of a type which more than any other is popularly American. It is undeniably true that the trotter blood is the basis of a good roadster—as indeed the same blood may be the foundation of any excellent harness animal.

But the high-strung, light boned, delicately turned trotter is not the ideal roadster, despite the fact that he may do excellent service on the road, and withstand the wear and tear of light driving. Nowhere else outside of New York would a roadster class attract the class of entries we see exhibited each year in Madison Square Garden, and no other judges than those provided by the Association would probably so confound the two types. If the New York show is to be national in influence, it must first of all meet the requirements of the country and not merely of a section, and the acceptance here of the trotter for the roadster is beyond all else purely a matter of local prejudice. If the horses that win in the roadster classes at the New York show ever officiate as such, it is simply in an afternoon spin on the Riverside Drive, or on one of the other driveways which extend beyond Central Park.

Now the roadster is not an animal whose value to his owner begins and ends with ability to draw the lightest of traps at a 2.30 gait along a macadamized driveway. His keep is not dependent on his speed for a short "brush" of a half-mile or so. He is an animal of good blood and bone, well set up, well mannered, with stylish all-round action, and stamina and speed enough to take a cart along ten miles an hour easily and keep it up. This is the kind of horse that every stable would like to have, and that every owner tries to get. It is the type of which Mr. Widener's Dash is an ideal, and yet, I doubt not, had Dash been shown in the roadster classes, that he would have been ignored by the judges whose trotter prejudices are evidently bred in the bone.

But it is to the Directors of the Association and not to the judges to whom we look for a correction of this fallacy, for such it assuredly is. We do not expect all the results in one year; we realize, too, that the Association's attempt at reform would be met with opposition from the trotting men. What we do ask, and have a right to expect from an organization that pretends to national importance, is the establishment of a roadster class in which the American type of that class may have the encouragement it merits, and from which trotter entries shall be excluded. This will in no way interfere with the trotting contingent, for they already have their breeding classes, and it will be simple and correct enough to retain a driving class in which that type, of which such magnificent animals as Emoleta, Mambrino Belle, Quiz, Alice Leyburn, are the highest development, may be seen in their specialty.

The establishment of a roadster class pure and simple will be most thankfully accepted by horsemen throughout the country, but, best of all, it will encourage breeders in a field which now is too much neglected, and that, after all, is the first and most important mission of the National Association. There is no lacking of blood from which to evolve the American roadster. No better foundation exists in all the world, as I have said, than the trotter, and there is the good old Morgan stock, which has been sadly neglected, and the hackney that has not had sufficient trying to determine its value.

It seems as though crossing the hackney with warmer blood should result in some splendid types of roadster. Up to date, however, the hackney has shown his chief usefulness in the show ring. It is somewhat remarkable, considering the amount of money invested in hackneys during the last few years, that more evidence is not forthcoming of the judgment of the outlay. But it is a fact, that except as shown against one another, the hackneys, full or half bred, have made no impression on the judges. Indeed, comparison has been offered but very few times, and I recall no instance where the hackney has gained recognition. On the contrary, at least two occasions are well remembered when the hackney challenged comparison and suffered thereby. Last year Mr. Widener showed in harness several of the English breed with indifferent, if any, success—this year a hackney-bred mare, Spoons, showed singly in the high-stepper championship class, and was so completely outclassed by Dash and Gladys as to appear a weed beside them.

Yet another important question which the Association must consider before another year is that of opening all classes to the entries of dealers. It is a matter on which much may be said for and against, but it seems to me that a very careful study of the last three years, and a level-headed look into the future, will suggest curtailing the present liberty enjoyed by the dealer. It is true that the dealer needs encouragement, and he deserves it, especially when he exhibits such fine horseflesh as did Mr. Bates last week, but he should not be encouraged at the expense of the general owner. There is invariably a medium course by which vexing problems may be adjusted, but extremes seem more to our liking. Either we ignore or we overwhelm. The argument that throwing all classes open to the dealer stimulates rivalry and interest, and therefore leads to a higher grade of horseflesh among individual exhibitors, is fallacious. I am convinced that the reverse is true. Experience has taught over and again that where those that pursue an object as a profession come into competition with those that follow it as a diversion, the latter invariably withdraw sooner or later from the field. It is the consumer always whose interest must be kept alive and increasing, otherwise the producer shortly finds his wares a drug on the market. To bring the dealer and consumer into competition is very short-sighted policy, as much so for one as the other, and doubly so, in this particular example, for the National Association. To have this show degenerate to a sales stable would destroy its influence upon horsemen and soon undermine the Association itself. The absence this year of several prominent exhibitors of other years contains a warning to the Association its directors will be wise in heeding. The show is a success now, but once individual owners begin to draw out it will rapidly lose its value as a money-maker. It seems as if the wisest plan would be to provide special classes for dealers who were not also breeders, and keep them out of all the others.

As for the show last week, it was a ponderous success—financially the biggest on record. From a horseman's point of view it was on the whole as good but not better than that of last year or the year before. Many individual animals were as fine as had ever been shown, and a few were finer. The saddle and pony and hackney classes averaged a little better than hitherto, the harness classes up to and the trotter and hunter classes below the standard of '94. Of the exhibitors Mr. J. E. Widener made the success of the week, showing some superb horses, one of which, Dash, won five blue ribbons, among them being the high-stepper championship. Next to this magnificent animal were Gladys, Ruth and Meteor, Shining Light, Acrobat and Athlete, Greenwich, Monarch and Performer, Valdimar and Grand Prix, Monarch and Sensation, Golden Rod and Blazeaway, and Cogent, which, single and double, and of several different owners, won in the most important classes. The Park fours were inferior to last year. The Road fours had but two really good ones, Webb's and Logan's, with Bates a fair third, and, with the exception of Logan and Bates, the appointments were absurd. Beard had his Park four. Both classes exposed the ignorance of exhibitors in appointments. Park fours call for quarter-straps, and grooms in livery; Road fours for lamps, and grooms in stable clothes. There was plenty of good green material in the hunters, but the showing poor. Lady Bird was easily the best light-weight, though Sylvia is a beautiful mare that must be a dream in the field; she is too high-strung for the show ring. Hurricane carried off middle-weight, and Royalty heavy-weight honors. Ascetic II. has jumping in him, and so have Perfection and Sport. Merry Boy is too much of a rogue to depend on.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IN view of a recent event which absorbed beyond all precedent the minds of multitudes without any apparent concern in it, I have been asking myself with a good deal of curiosity what the real interests of life are. Perhaps some others have asked themselves the same question, and will care to pursue the inquiry with me, though I must warn them at the outset that I have no very lively hope of a definitive answer. It is rather to clear the ground for future sages that I enter upon it.

I.

People used to take it for granted that the real interests of life were such as belonged to getting on in it, to making or saving money, to rearing families of children, to preserving the health, to obtaining an education, to experiencing religion. But I think that either we have greatly changed, and no longer care for things that once vitally interested us, or else that we were in an illusion as to the fact in the past, and were vitally interested only in the things that did not concern us. It has long been noted how the affairs of others attract us; and the innate altruism of the mind will account for much that is contradictory in our attitude towards things that are no one's affairs in particular. Here the well-known position is reversed, and what is nobody's business is everybody's business. Of course, there is nothing in the world that is not somebody's business, but there are certain things that involve so very few people compared with the vast number of people who involve themselves in them that they may very well be classed as nobody's business. Some of these, in their hold upon the witnesses may be accounted for as human events. But is a football game one of these? Is a boat-race one of them? Why should the elevator-boy be excited about such things, and wish to tell me which side has won? He is on duty all day, and has much less chance to see them than the man in the moon has. I myself can in the nature of things care nothing at all about a boat-race between the two great universities, but I have suffered several defeats of Harvard with a shame and grief which I should not like to have Yale men know, and I have followed the course of the rival crews in a tumult of feeling which no affair of my own has ever roused in me.

Why do such multitudes of people gather in front of the newspaper offices when they are flashing the vote on election night in figures of fire? Ninety-nine-hundredths of the spectators cannot possibly gain or lose anything by the result. They will be neither richer nor poorer, better nor worse, wiser nor sillier, when all is over. Why do we crowd and jostle one another for a glimpse of some celebrity who could do none of us any good, if he could miraculously become aware of us, and wished to do it? Why are whole communities, nations, civilizations, convulsed, from time to time, about things that never come home to anybody's business or bosom?

It is well enough to say that we abandon ourselves in most cases out of curiosity; but I think there is a deeper reason than this. We give ourselves to them because they take us out of ourselves, and because the real interests of life are for each one of us the things that do not personally concern us.

II.

Take, for instance, the recent event that I began with. I account of course for a great deal that was factitious, and that was merely faked by the newspapers. But after all this was accounted for there remained an enormous amount of real interest in the marriage of a rich young American girl and a foreign nobleman, which was in no manner the personal concern of more than a very few of those who felt it. On a certain day of last week there was probably not a person in New York who did not give some thought to their nuptials, and hundreds of thousands of women apparently gave intenser thought to them than to their housekeeping, their shopping, their visits, their charities, their pursuit of culture, their study of the bicycle. The interest in them, among all classes far surpassed the interest in the election the day before; and the question of who had been asked and who not asked to this or that phase of the event, was of greater import to a greater part of our reading population (counting women and men together) than the question whether Tammany or Fusion should win. It did not much concern the vast majority which should win, but it concerned them infinitely less to know who the wedding guests were to be.

Of course the nuptials had a prodigious pull on the imagination, because there was fabulous wealth and fabulous rank involved. To the simple American consciousness a foreign nobleman is appreciable as some sort of preternatural being; and the national fancy has brevetted our very rich with much of the same fairy quality, and sees both in the same light that never was on land and sea, the same consecration and the poet's dream. It is quite as practicable for the ordinary hard-working man and woman to suppose themselves titled, as to suppose themselves millionaires; and they are interested in the doings of our rich people as in England the like sort are interested in the doings of the nobility and gentry. After all, the experience is not very different in kind from that of the inland American who never saw a ship, much less the sea, and yet is stirred to his depths by an international yacht-race.

III.

It is the alien event, not the personal event, which interests us. We are tired of ourselves for the most part, and for the greater part of the time, but we are seldom tired of other people except when they are asking us a favor. Even then, we are absorbed in the recognition of their unworthiness, and so relieved for the moment from the contemplation of our own merits. I do not know how it is with the reader, but I have had few moments of such entire satisfaction as I have enjoyed from the easily imaginable folly, dishonesty, and general depravity of some one to whom I have done a good deed. No virtues of my own have given me half the pleasure, for in the midst of them I have had the torment of self-consciousness, while the vices of another are always a veritable transport.

A transport is the thing we want; it is only in a transport that we can find the real interest of life. When Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Brown, Jones, and Robinson abandoned themselves during weeks of cumulative excitement to the thought of those rich and noble nuptials they were for that period of time no longer Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Brown, Jones, and Robinson. They were nothing, which was a very good thing, or by a little more strenuous feat of fancy, they were for the nonce young, rich, beautiful, and noble themselves; they were princes and princesses, or, at the least, dukes and duchesses. If at the same time they were able to realize how much worthier they were to be very wealthy and titled than most of the people they knew, or than even the bride and groom themselves, their transport must have been something like a divine ecstasy.

I do not mean to say that Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Brown, Jones, and Robinson are envious and grudging people, or that the recent event was regarded in an envious or grudging spirit by any considerable number of the people impersonally interested in it. But I do not believe there was much sentiment in the attitude of this metropolis toward it, or that our citizens of any class had a romantic feeling about it. That was left to the parties immediately concerned, and if there was any feeling, except that of relief in the chance given us to get out of ourselves for the time being, it was critical. We are all devoted to the conditions that riches and titles spring from; but riches and titles in the possession of some one else are what no one of us can make seem altogether right. We would each of us like them more justly distributed; that is, given to himself; and when they are not we are critical. We did not, properly speaking, begrudge the young people their happiness; but we felt that if all had their rights, we should, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, have been in their place; and I dare say the Joneses and Robinsons felt the same.

IV.

This, however, was only in the imperfect moments of our transport, when our ecstasy was pierced with self-consciousness, and we were brought back to the trivial facts of our several circumstances from the real interests of life, from the interests that did not personally concern us. So far as it took us out of ourselves, the recent event was a public boon, and I should be far from joining some other sages in deploring or deprecating it. So far as it had a public character, as I have shown, it was beneficent, and it was quite in the line of social order. Except in our anomalous country, great wealth must eventuate in rank, and wealth is such a potent social factor that if it cannot eventuate in rank here it will be sure to do so elsewhere, and more and more. Perhaps it will not always have to go abroad for titles; we may yet have them of our own; great wealth implies them, and there is no telling what great wealth may or may not do.

In the mean time, as I say, the recent event has exemplified my theory that the real interests of life are the things that do not personally concern us. I wish there were more of such recent events. They help us to forget ourselves, they afford an anodyne such as republics when they have gone our gait always stand in need of; they form a golden link in the chain of causes and events that is otherwise of iron, and hangs heavy upon the limbs of so many.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE MIDWAY AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

THAT is the feature toward which the crowds flock at twilight. Look at it from any point in the grounds and you will find the vision an interesting one, as the electric lights begin to bloom above the Palace of Beauty and to form a half-circle of parti-colored radiance about the entrance to the Streets of Cairo.

It is not so large perhaps nor has it so many features as the Midway in Chicago, but it is well worth seeing: and then, too, it has some points that Chicago did not have. There's the Old Plantation, for instance. Let us wander there and see what it is. In front of the entrance is a great fat old negro aunty "ringin' de bell for a cake-walk."

"Come right erlong, honey," she cries; "dis here am sho' 'nough 'possum-eatin' black nigger in here; 'tain't no black-faced white trash. Come erlong an' see de nigger at de corn-shuckin' in de reg'lar ole plantation."

We enter, enticed by her recommendation, and find that she has spoken the truth. Real negroes are on the platform before us, dancing wildly, and singing in that queer crooning animal way that always makes one look about for the wild beasts of Kipling's jungle stories. Not very different in their movements and voices are these darkies, who have lived all their lives amid civilization, from those wild creatures in the Dahomey Village. At one side of the stage a negro song-and-dance chap is doing his make-up for an old man by picking cotton from out of a bush and sticking it on with mucilage for hair and beard, the admiring throng of "'coons"—of the Alabama and other varieties—watching the performance and making suggestions.

From the Old Plantation we wander across the way to where a vast crowd stands spellbound by the eloquence of the supremest and most farcical fakir on the Midway. He is a tall, blond, muscular man, and he stands on two dry-goods boxes in front of a dance-house. Beside him are three Oriental sirens, whom he apostrophizes thus:

"See these beautiful creatures! Come closer, gentlemen, and listen. These are the ladies who give the most unique dance ever seen in any country. Is it a moral dance, did you ask? No, no, my friends; a moral dance is not what you come here to see. It is a wicked, a lawless dance—but beautiful, wonderful. How can I describe it to you?" At this climax the young girls with their sweethearts move on abashed, and the old ladies raise their hands in horror at those who are moving into the hall.

Opposite there is the Chinese theatre, and on a platform outside five little Chinamen, gorgeously apparelled, are disordering themselves, as Micawber would say, "by personal contortions," in order to attract a crowd. Two Mexican Indians—picturesque figures in flannel and orange-colored garments—are twanging a jingle-box between the Chinese theatre and "The Illusions," where Pharaoh's daughter, like Galatea, blooms from cold marble into a palpitant life, and the mermaid, in a blue silk blouse and a short green tail, chews gum and flirts with the populace.

Ah! it is a great place, this Midway, and it grows more wonderful as the darkness deepens and the fakirs begin to cry out their attractions in a louder and bolder key. The Semite-Turk at the entrance of Cairo tells the passer-by that there is a special dance reserved for midnight; and the man from the Mexican Village, in his sombrero and jingling bells, announces that the "greatest bull-fight in the world" is about to begin.

In the midst of all these offers of intellectual divertisement the inner man is not forgotten. The announcement of Aunt Jemima pancakes is abroad in the land, hot tamales are vended at every turn, and the girls in the German Village come out on the steps, and with foaming mugs of beer in their hands beckon the bucolic wayfarer; with the cry of the hot roast-beef sandwich, which was so popular on Coney Island, is united the inviting refrain of "hot waffles served with honey."

The people pour out with puzzled faces from the door of the Haunted Swing, and little children left over from the day's jaunt clutch their mothers' skirts with timorous hands as they step from the wax-work show. Like human jewels set in the garment of the night appear Turks, Armenians, and East Indians, their robes glowing with scarlet and gold, their eyes pensively resting upon the argent waters of the lake near by as though it were a basin filled with good American dollars.

Here in the Midway do the stars truly shine upon the just and the unjust, and for the time being, at least, Providence seems equally kind to them all.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

CLEVELAND ADOPTS A CITY FLAG.

A SOMEWHAT notable and extremely felicitous result of "A Recent Journey Through the West," taken by Mr. Julian Ralph for the benefit of the readers of the WEEKLY, has just transpired in the city of Cleveland.

While engaged in a brief study of its municipal affairs, Mr. Ralph, in an interview printed in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, remarked upon the absence of any distinctive emblem or standard symbolizing the city in the minds of the masses.

He pointed out very briefly, but with characteristic force and perspicuity, the benefits to be secured by such an emblem as "a sign to the eye" of the dignity and importance of the municipality. "A people possessing such a flag," said he, "would be zealous in seeing that it did not float over dirty streets or corrupt officials."

The *Plain Dealer* at once took the matter up, and, as a result of its efforts, the City Council appointed a committee with power to select such an emblem. The *Plain Dealer* then offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best design for a city flag, and urged the members of Cleveland's art schools to compete for the honor and reward.

The committee met last month, and from the thirty or more designs awarded the *Plain Dealer* prize to Miss Susie E. Hepburn. The committee consisted of Mayor McKisson, Director-General Wilson M. Day, of the Cleveland Centennial Commission, City-Clerk H. H. Burgess, President A. M. Willard, of the Cleveland Art Club, and President John C. Covert, of the Cleveland School of Art. Its report was presented to the City Council on Monday evening, October 21st, and unanimously adopted.

The committee, in its report, says: "The design recommended consists of a flag in which three stripes extend perpendicularly, thus differing from the United States flag, and making a striking flag to the eye. The stripes are red, white, and blue, signifying patriotism. In the middle stripe of white is the American shield with the word Cleveland across the centre. In the upper left-hand corner stands the anvil, hammer, and wheel representing

the manufacturing interests of the city, and in the opposite corner are the anchor, windlass, and oars representing the marine interests. In the lower half of the shield is a wreath of laurel enclosing the date of the founding of the city.

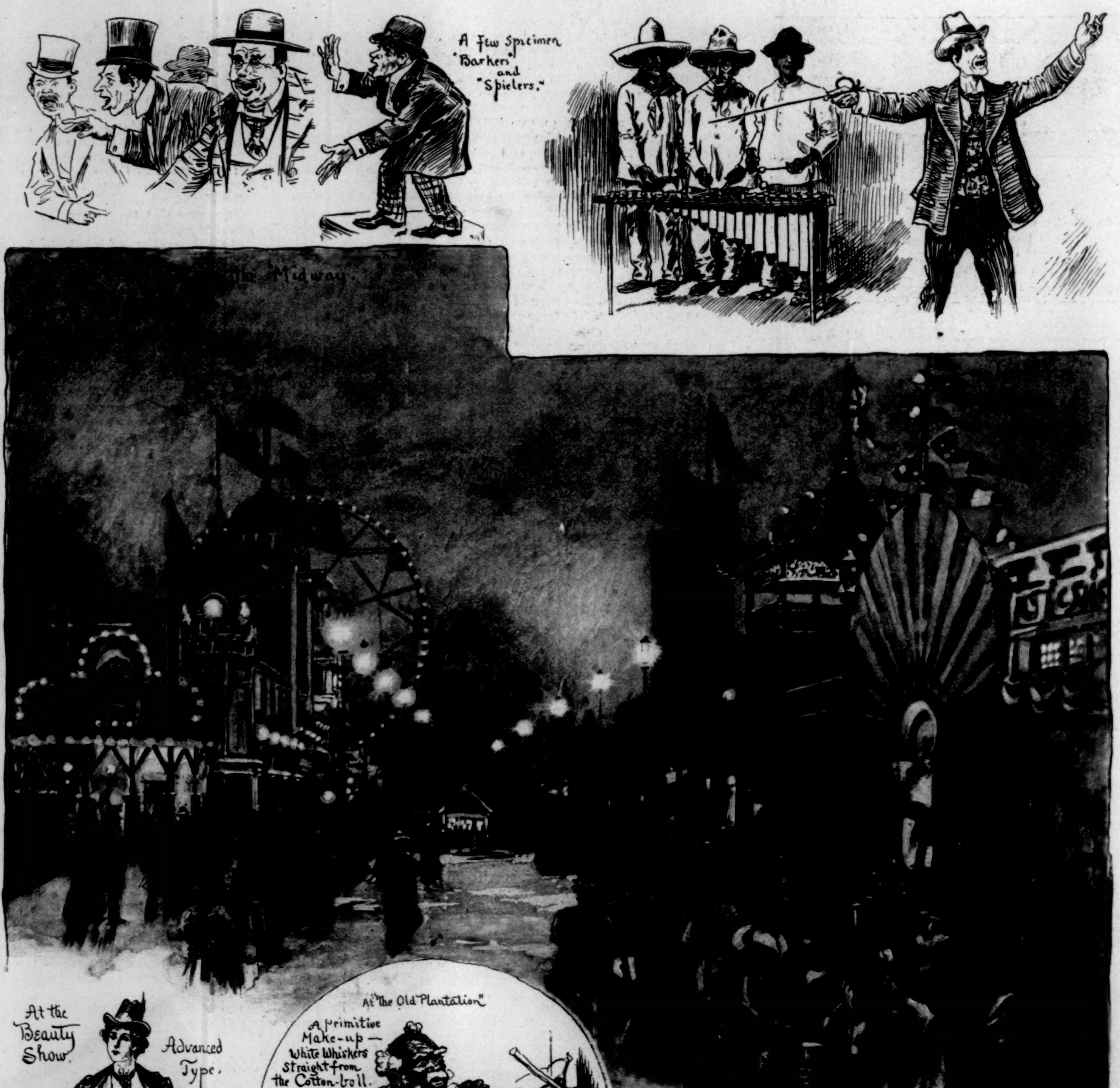
"This design, in our opinion, includes plainly and simply the interests of the city as a whole, while the solid colors will render it a practicable flag. By reason of the simplicity of the design selected the emblems can be seen at a distance and their meaning clearly understood."

Miss Susie E. Hepburn, the designer of the Cleveland city flag, though a resident of Columbus, is a graduate of the Cleveland Art School and of the New York art schools.

The action of the Cleveland council in adopting a city flag at this time has a far greater significance, however, than may casually appear. The city of Cleveland is passing through a transformation period in the history of its development. From a strong and sturdy but extremely conservative community, it has gradually arrived at a more thorough appreciation of its wonderful geographical advantages, and a keener realization of its possibilities.

The year 1896 will mark the completion of its centenary—an event that will be celebrated by such an exposition of a city's manufacturing and industrial resources as has never been attempted in America. Under its new flag it hopes to march to greater triumphs among the cities of the nation.

WILLIAM STOKLEY LLOYD.



SCENES ON THE "MIDWAY"—COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 1109.]

AURELIA KITZU.

LOLA BEETH.

ROSA OLITZKA.

ADOLPH WALNOEFER.

GUILLAUME ALBERT LUBERT.

KATHERINE KLAFSKY AS ISOLDE.

FRANCES SAVILLE.

MILKA TERNINA AS BRÜNNHILDE.

THE LATEST ADDITIONS TO OUR OPERA-SINGERS.—[See Page 1116.]

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FIFTH PAPER.—CITY AND COUNTRY.—PART I. ATTAINMENT.

BY F. W. HEWES.

IN the preceding papers of this series occasional comparisons have been made between city and country schools. These references were, however, mere incidents of the topics under consideration. In this paper it is proposed to make special studies of such educational data as will aid the reader in judging whether city or country best realizes the end sought in establishing and sustaining public schools.

AIM OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—It is well, therefore, at the outset to attempt to state the aim of our public-school system. Dwelling-houses are built, not to furnish a community with architectural structures, but to provide protection against inclement weather, and bodily comfort and convenience in the various family, social, and other relations of civilized life.

So in establishing schools the main thought is not merely to furnish the community with a fund of general information and a set of rules for speaking, writing, and computation, but to provide security against foolish judgment and unwise action, and mental comfort and ability to properly discharge the duties of modern life—in a word, to provide the power of rational thought.

As one largely judges whether a community is amply and conveniently sheltered by counting and measuring

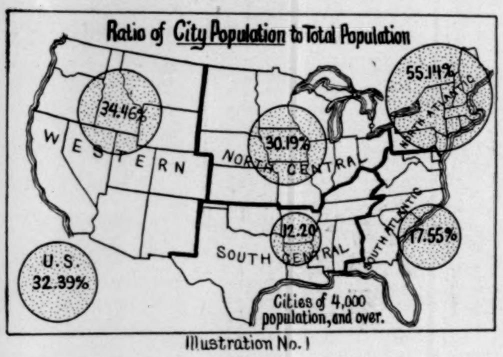


Illustration No. 1

its residence buildings, so one may decide whether city or country communities are better equipped with the means of providing themselves with the power of rational thought by comparing the proportions of teachers employed, pupils enrolled, and attendance secured. In like manner the liberality of communities in providing themselves with schools is determined by comparing the expenditures made, the property acquired, and the value of school buildings in the several city and country communities of the United States. The subject therefore naturally divides into a consideration of educational attainment, and the liberal provision made for that attainment. First, however, comes the study of the fundamental of all school work, namely, population.

POPULATION.—As the benefits of education do not stop with the pupil in school, but follow him through life, and as schools are organized for the benefit of the total population, the proper starting-point in this study is a comparison of city and country population.

NOTE.—The figures and facts used in the preparation of these papers are taken from the reports of the Commissioner of Education of the United States, preceding the current report which was issued after the papers were completed, and fully corroborates the conclusions reached.

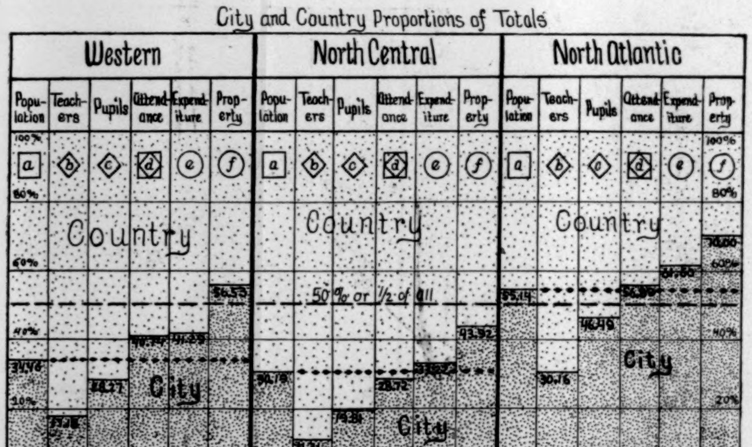


Illustration No. 2

In this comparison it is necessary clearly to understand what is and what is not considered city population. The Commissioner of Education explains that no little difficulty was found in determining what to include and what to exclude in making up the list of "cities" which forms the basis of comparison. It appears that in some of the New England States villages and cities, as they are known in the Middle and Western States, do not exist, except in the case of very large cities. That is, the cities and villages of some of the New England States, even though having a population of six, eight, or ten thousand persons or more, have generally no boundaries or government separate from the township in which they are located. Therefore a township may be reported by the census enumeration to have, for example, twenty thousand population, and that population may be made up of several small "villages" of a few hundred people each; or it may consist of two or three large "villages" of four or five thousand persons each, or of one very large "village" of ten or fifteen thousand persons, surrounded in each case by a sparsely settled agricultural population. In the first case the small villages would probably have ungraded schools, and in the other cases the larger villages would undoubtedly have city school systems.

In many cases large villages even were not separately reported by the census enumerators, and special inquiry was made in case the school returns did not reveal the information sought. The dividing-line was drawn at a population of four thousand persons, collected in a compact group, which might properly be considered a "village" or "city." With this explanation the study of population as presented in illustration No. 1 may be intelligently undertaken.

The most impressive feature of this exhibit is the very large circle in the New England division. The figures printed in that circle mean that the Commissioner's list of cities shows that more than half of the people of those nine States live in cities of over four thousand population each, while in the South Central division more than seven-eighths of the people live in rural communities and less than one-eighth in cities.

It is worth while to turn for a minute to a more detailed study of this point. Each of the five divisions presents within its own area striking contrasts in respect of city population. The census enumeration shows that in the New England (North Atlantic) division Rhode Island has ten times as large a proportion of city population (almost eighty per cent.) as Vermont (nearly eight per cent.). The South Central division also presents a remarkable contrast, although its highest proportion, in Louisiana, is only about twenty-four per cent., while its smallest ratio, in Mississippi, is less than three per cent.

This injected thought serves merely to remind the reader that each division has a wide range of city population, and will aid him in not permitting the averages given in the little map to become hard and fast impressions, to be used as inflexible wholes in thinking of the separate States constituting a given division.

Turning again to the little map, the thoughtful reader pauses as he notes that the circle of the Western division is larger than that of the North Central. It would at first perhaps seem strange that States settled recently should have so large a proportion of city population. New States are ordinarily settled by an agricultural people, taking up homestead claims and buying government lands for farms. Villages and cities slowly follow, as the conditions of necessary trade and barter develop with the improvement of the new farms.

The States forming the Western division are what may distinctively be called mining States. Settlement there has usually reversed the ordinary rule. Settlers congregated at some point of special mining value, and it has almost become a proverb that cities grow in a day in the West. Agriculture, while an important element in these

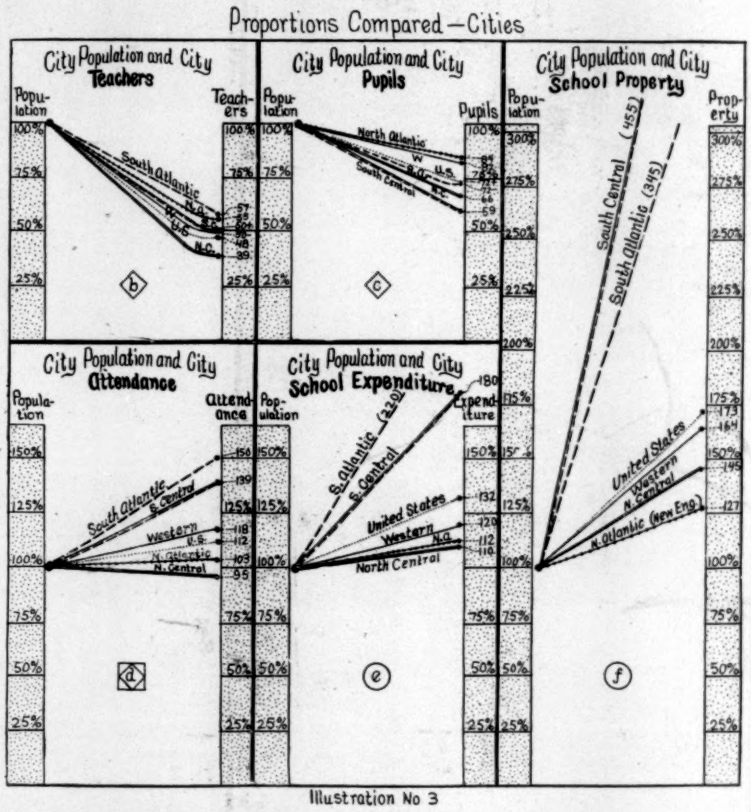


Illustration No 3

States, is not so greatly a prevailing one as even in the North Central division.

The reader will, however, understand that the larger Western circle does not mean that there are more people living in the cities of the Western division than in those of the North Central division. As to absolute city population, the North Central division has nearly seven million persons in its cities, while the Western division has a little over one million, but this one million city population of the Western division is a larger share (34.46 per cent.) of the total population of that whole division than the city population of the North Central division is of its total population.

TEACHERS.—Having in mind the proportions of city population shown in the map, and holding prominently the fact that a little less than one-third of the total population of the United States is city population, the next step is to examine the supply of teachers in city and country. This study must, however, be made as a related study, the proportion of city or country population and the corresponding proportion of city or country teachers being united in thought and comparison.

It was stated in a former paper that city teachers average nearly twice as many pupils each as country teachers. The reader is therefore prepared to learn that the proportion of teachers is small as compared with the proportion of population in city communities. This fact appears first in illustration No. 2.

ATTAINMENT.

As preliminary to the study of this general division of the subject it may be helpful to direct the reader's attention to the symbols employed in the illustrations. Those illustrations portraying attainment are marked with a diamond. Those portraying population, the fundamental of attainment, are marked with a square; and further, that these distinguishing symbols contain each a designating letter serving to group the several exhibits bearing on special topics.

The study of this second illustration will be aided if the reader will note the relative arrangement of the six circles in illustration No. 1 and the six diagrams of illustration No. 2. The three geographical divisions represented by the upper three circles of the map are represented by the upper three diagrams of illustration No. 2, arranged in the same order. The same explanation also applies to the lower three circles and diagrams. It should also be added that this paper will in the main consider only the proportions and averages portrayed for the United States as a whole, leaving the reader in most cases to make such examination of the several division exhibits as may personally interest him. The limit of space makes this necessary, as a study of all the numerous comparisons portrayed in the illustrations would serve to fill several papers.

Returning again to illustration No. 2, it will be readily noted that the light shading represents country and the dark shading city elements. Beginning the study with the United States exhibit (lower left-hand diagram), it will be noted that the column lettered *a* shows that the country population is much greater than the city population, because the light shading of that column occupies a much longer portion of the whole column than does the dark shading. The "32.39" at the top of the dark shading tells what proportion the city population is of the total, and corresponds with the "32.39 per cent." in the U. S. circle on the little map.

In the column *b*, teachers, the dark shading is shorter still, showing that in the comparison of teachers a still smaller proportion (only about sixteen per cent.) falls to the cities and a larger proportion to the country than in the case of population. Columns *a* and *b* of each of the

other five diagrams of illustration No. 2 show that similar relations exist in each of the geographical divisions of the United States. In the middle lower diagram (South Central division) the proportions of both city teachers and city population are very small.

The relative proportions vary so greatly in the several divisions as to make it impossible to decide which diagram really shows the smallest relative supply of teachers in cities (and consequently highest in country) without actual computation. The comparison is therefore carried a step further in the diagram lettered *b* in illustration No. 3.

In the illustration No. 3 all comparisons are city comparisons, and in each case the proportion of city population is taken as the unit of comparison, and is therefore represented in each diagram as one hundred per cent. The slant lines diverging from the population dot (100 per cent.) on the left of each diagram show by their upward or downward slope whether the city elements compared have larger or smaller percentages of their respective totals than city population is of total population. The dots opposite the right-hand scales show by their locations how much larger or smaller, and figures printed opposite the respective dots record the proportions mathematically.

Looking again at illustration No. 2, it might be easily thought that the cities of the South Central division have a smaller supply of teachers, as compared with the country communities of that division, than the cities of any other division, because the absolute proportions of both city teachers and city population are so small. Illustration No. 3 (diagram *b*) shows, however, that in the North Central division the proportion of city teachers to total teachers is only thirty-nine per cent. of the proportion of city population to total population, while in the South Central division it is over fifty per cent., and in the South Atlantic division fifty-seven per cent.

The downward slope of all the lines shows that relatively the cities of all the geographical divisions have a smaller supply of teachers than the respective rural communities. Were the country ratios shown, they would all be represented by slant lines sloping upward.

Were the influence of teachers as an educational element to be estimated by proportions only, it is easily evident that city communities are at a disadvantage; for the comparisons in illustrations 2 and 3 both show that the city proportion of teachers is smaller in every division than the city proportion of population, and that therefore the country proportions of teachers are larger than the country proportions of population.

These comparisons do not, however, tell the whole story. In the country the population is much more unified than in the city, and in this unification the teacher holds a prominent place. In the country the teacher is helpful in many ways besides in school-room work, because much more intimately acquainted with the parents of pupils and with other persons in the neighborhood than is the teacher in city schools, and therefore exerts a larger influence on the community. There is perhaps a natural reason for this. Diagram *b* of illustration No. 4 compares the number of pupils under the instruction of city and country teachers. This suggests that the school-work of the city teacher may be so much greater than that of the country teacher as to leave neither time nor inclination for extended personal acquaintance, or participation in general matters outside of the school-room. With these facts in view, it appears that the country has a decided advantage over the city so far as the influence of teachers on the community is concerned.

Pupils.—The study of pupils begins with the columns lettered *c* in illustration No. 2. It is readily seen that

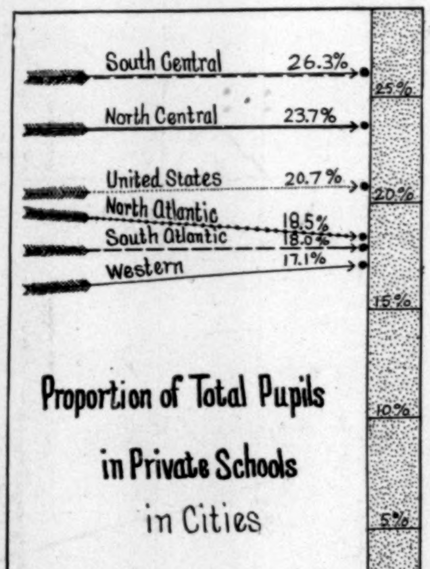


Illustration No.5

the cities have a smaller proportion of pupils than of population. It is equally evident that the proportion of pupils is, however, larger than that of teachers in all parts of the United States. In illustration No. 3, diagram *c* shows the related proportion of pupils and population in cities; and it is seen that it is in the North Atlantic (New England) division that the proportion comes nearest to that of population, and that in all divisions the downward slope of the slant lines is less pronounced than in diagram *b* teachers.

Again, it should be stated that illustration No. 3 compares the city communities as they stand individually related to their respective country communities. All other illustrations delineate direct comparisons. For example, in illustration No. 3, diagram *c*, the Western division is next to the highest, because when city and country of that division are compared in their related proportions the cities show a higher ratio than the cities of any other division except the North Atlantic. On the other hand, in diagram *c*, illustration No. 4, on the city scale of that diagram, the Western division ranks next to lowest, because in the direct comparison of population and pupils of the Western cities (without regard to country population) all other divisions show a higher city ratio except the South Central.

While illustrations 2 and 3 show that the country has everywhere a larger proportion of pupils than the city, they do not tell how large a part of the population is enrolled in the schools in either city or country.

Diagram *c* of illustration No. 4, as already indicated, portrays this relation, and the slant of lines shows a marked variation between city and country proportions, and the crossings of the lines indicate a considerable lack of uniformity in passing from city to country proportions. The North Central division, for example, enrolls only about fifteen (14.7) per cent. of its city population, while it enrolls almost twenty-six (25.8) per cent. of its country population, or nearly double its city record. The North Atlantic and Western divisions make their country record only about one-third larger than their city record.

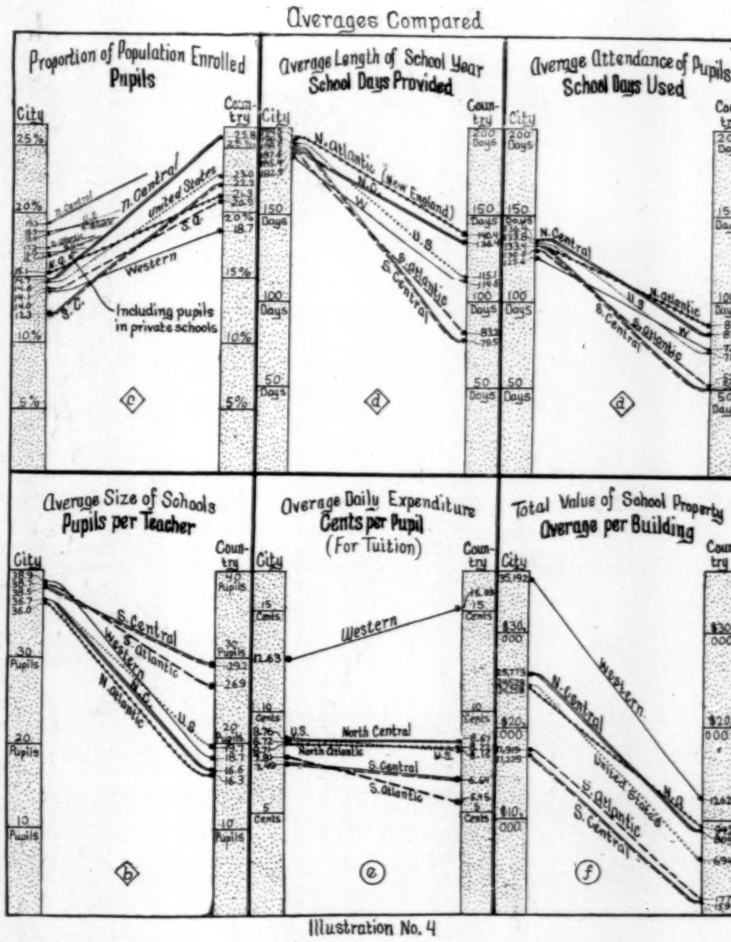


Illustration No. 4

Looking over the several comparisons, it is clearly evident that the rural communities much more fully appropriate the advantages of the public schools than do city communities, so far as the enrolment of pupils is concerned. That it is advantageous to enroll a large part of the population appears from even the lowest estimate of results, for if those enrolled learn nothing more than to read, it is better to have a large than a small part of the on-coming generation able to read.

In this comparison, however, it is but just to include the enrolment in private schools shown in illustration No. 5.

The country has so few private schools that the proportion of population enrolled in the country will not need to be changed. The considerable proportion of private-school enrolment in cities (illustration No. 5) carries the city proportions further up the scale (diagram *c*, illustration No. 4), making the United States city enrolment eighteen and four-tenths per cent. of the population, instead of fourteen and six-tenths.

The several divisions retain their relative positions, however, except in the case of the North Atlantic and North Central divisions, which change places, and the city enrolment of the Western division comes within two per cent. of its country enrolment. While this addition to the city proportions does not transfer the advantage to their side of the record, it makes their disadvantage much less.

Attendance.—Enrolment is a very important feature of educational work, yet it is not to be taken as final testimony regarding the position of communities in deriving benefits from the public-school system. There still remain important questions to be answered. Do the enrolled pupils record equally large proportional attendance in city and country? That they do not is at once evident as the attendance columns (lettered *d*) in illustration No. 2 are examined, for the city proportion of attendance stands considerably higher than the city proportion of pupils in each of the six diagrams, showing that the cities outrank the country in attendance as compared with enrolment. Passing on to illustration No. 3, and again viewing diagram *c* (city pupils), it is again noticed that the slant lines all slope downward, while in diagram *d* (city attendance) they all slope upward except one, showing that while the proportion of city pupils is in all parts of the United States less than the proportion of city population, the proportion of city attendance is greater than the proportion of city population in all parts of the United States except in the cities of the North Central division.

This indicates that at this stage of the inquiry the proportional advantage passes from country to city. This larger relative proportion of attendance may result from greater regularity at school or from longer school terms, or from a combination of the two. The next inquiry is therefore naturally to be made in that direction.

The upper (unshaded) portions of the two main divisions of illustration No. 6 represent the average proportion of vacant seats of enrolled pupils, day by day, in city and country schools, and the lower (shaded) portions the occupied seats. It is noticeable, first, that a large proportion of pupils are constantly absent in both city and country; second, that a larger proportion attend regularly in city than in country schools; and third, that the proportions absent in the several divisions of the United States are very uniform. Taking the United States as a whole, the advantage rests with the city schools in the ratio of 70 to 63.

This comparison is not, however, sufficient, for it tells nothing about the number of days per year which the attendance represents. The next questions are: How many school days are provided for the use of pupils? and, How many of those provided are used? The second and third diagrams of the upper part of illustration No. 4 (lettered *d*) answer these two questions. It requires little examination of these two diagrams to note that cities provide many more days' schooling than does the country, and also that while both city and country pupils use far less than the number provided, as already indicated in illustration No. 6, yet the number of days used in the cities greatly exceeds the number used in the country.

This investigation may now be carried to its final point by comparing the attendance to the total population. It appears that the cities of the United States, as a whole, including private schools, enroll about eighteen (18.4) pupils for each one hundred persons in the total population (diagram *c*, illustration No. 4). Assuming that the attendance in private schools covers as many days per year as in the public schools, each of these pupils attends school 133.8 days (3d diagram, illustration No. 4), an average of 24.6 days' schooling for the benefit of each person in the total population.

In the country the average enrolment is twenty-three pupils for each one hundred population, and each pupil attends 71.6 days, an average of sixteen and a half days for the benefit of each person of the total population. This gives an advantage of a trifle over eight days per year to the city inhabitant, an advantage of nearly fifty per cent., and ought to count for much in assimilating the extra work attempted in the city schools.

Summary — Attainment.— Taking up the preceding comparisons in the order in which they have been considered, it appears that the cities have a little over one-seventh of all the teachers in the United States (illustration No. 2, lower left-hand diagram); measuring the proportion of city teachers by the proportion of city population, the ratio is forty-eight per cent. (illustration No. 3, diagram *b*). The country ratio computed in the same way is 132 per cent.

Teachers.—Measuring, then, the benefits to communities by the respective proportions of teachers employed, the country compares with the city as 132 to 48, or, more conveniently, as 275 to 100.

Pupils.—In the study of pupils the cities make a better showing, as is seen in illustration No. 2 (U. S. diagram), where the proportion of pupils is considerably greater than that of teachers. Yet even that record shows

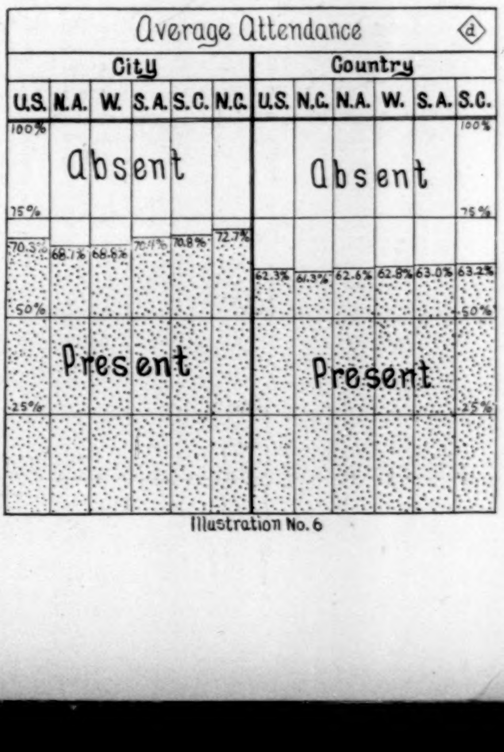


Illustration No. 6

PRAIRIE-CHICKEN SHOOTING.—D

G.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 1120.]

that the country educates more than three-fourths of all the pupils educated in the public schools. Considering it to be a benefit to enroll a large proportion of the population in the schools, the country compares with the city as 230 to 146 (illustration No. 4, diagram c), or 158 to 100. In this summary, as in the general study of "pupils" preceding, it is only fair to include the enrolment in private schools (illustration No. 5). This changes the ratios, and the comparison becomes 230 to 184, or 125 to 100 in favor of the country.

ATTENDANCE.—The study of attendance gives the advantage to the cities, and, including the attendance of

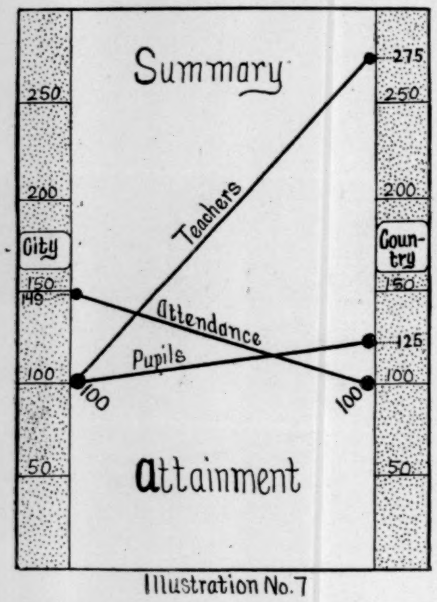


Illustration No. 7

pupils in private schools (computed at the same ratio as those of public schools), makes the comparison 246 to 165, or 149 to 100 in favor of cities.

These several final ratios are graphically presented in illustration No. 7, which enables the reader to study attainment with the several points of advantage all in view at once.

The subject of expenditure in city and country, or "liberal provision for attainment," carries the advantages over to the city side of the comparison in every particular, and will be considered in part two of this fifth paper.

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

THE present condition of the public taste in this city in regard to opera is more satisfactory than any condition that has ever prevailed before. There is not a wider or more serious love for music, for a real appreciation of what is known as absolute music—music unaccompanied by text or scenic illustration—is always confined to a small part of the community. The opera, which is a form of music made easy of comprehension by means of pictures, appeals to all sorts and conditions of men. Operatic music is seldom dependent upon musical education for its appreciation. Even the old theory that people had to be educated up to Wagner has been exploded. It has been demonstrated that the people who had difficulty in understanding Wagner were those whose minds had been fed for years on Rossini and Donizetti. Those who had received no operatic education whatever understood and enjoyed Wagner at once. But it must always be borne in mind that the text, the action, and the scenic attire all aid in the comprehension of operatic music; and the more artistic the opera, the greater is their aid. And in addition to these factors in broadening the public enjoyment there is the personal element, which is with the majority of people the strongest factor of all. It cannot be denied that the pertinent question with the mass of opera-goers is not "What is the opera to-night?" but "Who is going to sing?"

It is right that we should fairly admit this fact, which on its face appears to be a discouraging evidence of low musical taste. But we have only to inquire into the history of the personal element in opera in America to find that the public has shown an immense improvement in its discrimination as to singers. Within the memory of young opera-goers there was a time when one or two stars surrounded by a corps of incapables satisfied the public demand. Now there is toleration only for a good ensemble, and only the best artists that the world can produce are accepted. Furthermore, the character of the work done by the singers of to-day must be different. Jean de Reszké once said to me: "In Paris, a pretty girl, a pretty voice, and, *voilà!* a success. But here—she must sing from the heart, or you say, 'Ah, yes, she has a nice voice, but she is so cold!'" The old days when remarkable execution on the part of the prima donna and high notes by the tenor were enough to please the audiences are gone. We demand now intelligence, dramatic skill, warmth, poetry, grace; and if we do not get these, we are dissatisfied. The success of Jean de Reszké is the finest demonstration of our present taste. We have heard a dozen tenors in New York with better voices than his, but he gives us the refinement of art coupled with deep dramatic feeling, and we never weary of sounding his praises.

As a result of the present state of public taste we shall this winter have a greater variety in our operatic entertainment than we have ever had before. We are to have French operas in French, Italian operas in Italian, and German operas in German—and these, too, in a single season and by one company. Later on we shall have a separate season of German opera under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch at the Academy of Music. But to my mind there is a great significance in the change that has come over the methods of Messrs. Abbey & Grau. These gentlemen are keen, alert, enterprising, and their introduction of German performances into their plans is directly due to their desire to meet an imperative public demand. The existence of that demand shows a wide catholicity of taste. I have no sympathy with that peculiar form of narrow-minded enthusiasm which has sought for some years to confine the operatic activity of the metropolis to performances of nine music-dramas by Richard Wagner, and I am therefore glad to see that both parties in the coming operatic struggle have widened the field. Messrs. Abbey & Grau take a part of the German list and add it to their regular repertory, while Mr. Damrosch promises a revival of *Der Freischütz* and a performance of his own *Scarlet Letter* in English.

The change from German to French and Italian opera at the Metropolitan Opera-house in 1890 was not made in answer to any demand of public taste. It is true that a good many were weary of much bad singing and of poor operas, but the engagement of a good company and the adoption of a liberal policy would have kept German opera popular with the public. But the stockholders of the house were hungry for the flesh-pots of Rossini. They made the change at their own sweet will; and having made it, they discovered, to their amazement, that seven years of honest German art had improved even their taste, and they received with enthusiastic delight such great dramatic singers as the De Reszkés and Lassalle. More forcibly was the public taste shown. The success of Madame Calvé and the failure of Signor Tamagno were food for thought. But when Mr. Damrosch two years ago gave for charity some lame and impotent Wagner performances in German there was an unmistakable demonstration of the public desire for more. Consequently Mr. Damrosch organized a company, rented the Metropolitan Opera-house, and last winter gave twenty performances of Wagner music-drama in German, to total receipts of $123,000. After such proof of the public wish Messrs. Abbey & Grau turned a willing ear to the suggestions of Jean de Reszké, who had long cherished an ambition to sing Tristan in German, and consequently we find offered to the patrons of the Metropolitan this season a wider variety of attractions than they have ever had before.

The operatic struggle for patronage is to be a fierce one, and both companies are to be stronger than before in some respects. Mr. Damrosch has been fortunate in securing two of the most noted soprani in Germany. His company was weak in women, for the opposition had succeeded in engaging Marie Brema, who was so successful in Mr. Damrosch's last season. It was well, therefore, that he secured Frau Katherine Klafsky and Frau Milka Ternina. Frau Klafsky is a Hungarian, and is about thirty-five years of age. She is in the zenith of her powers, and has not exhausted herself in Europe before coming to America, as so many German singers have done. She studied her art under the famous teacher Madame Marchesi, when she was a teacher at the Vienna Conservatory, and later she learned the Wagner rôles under Julius Hey, of Munich. She acquired a great deal of valuable knowledge from Anton Seidl, who was conductor at Bremen when she made her début there. She became a great favorite at Bremen, and remained there until 1887, when she was engaged by Pollini for the Hamburg opera. She sang in Hamburg until Mr. Damrosch engaged her for New York. Owing to Pollini's legal proceedings to prevent her from leaving him and coming here, she made an early start, and arrived in this country early in September. She is said to be a fine-looking woman and a really fine dramatic singer. But of that we must judge later.

Frau Milka Ternina was born of poor parents in an obscure Austrian town, and is a little younger than Klafsky. She began to study singing at the age of twelve with Ida Winiberger, and at sixteen she became a student in the Vienna Conservatory. She made her début at Leipsic, where she did not meet with great favor, and where she was consequently very much dissatisfied. She went to Gatz a year later, and sang the juvenile dramatic rôles there for two years. Thence she went to Bremen in 1886, to succeed Klafsky. She remained at Bremen till 1892, and then went to Munich, which town is famous for its fine opera. She is still a member of the Munich company, and comes here on leave of absence. These are the new singers who will excite the most public interest in Mr. Damrosch's company. Herr Alvary, the tenor, maintains his old hold on the affections of the women, in spite of the decline of his voice and his rigid adherence to vicious vocal methods.

In Messrs. Abbey & Grau's company the familiar names of great potency are Melba, Calvé, Nordica, Jean and Édouard de Reszké, Maurel, and Plançon. Kaschmann, the barytone, who was a member of the Abbey company of 1883-4, will return, and so also will Signori Ancona and Campanari. Of course Madame Scalchi is to be still with us, and Madame Mantello has been re-engaged. The principal new members of the company are Frances Saville, Georgine von Januschowsky, and Lola Beeth, soprani; Aurelia Kitzu, mezzo-soprano; Rosa Olitzka, contralto; Guillaume Albert Lubert and Adolph Walnoefer, tenors.

Madame Saville was born in San Francisco, and studied singing in Hamburg. She went to Australia, the home of her parents, and sang in *Elijah* with Charles Santley, after which she made a concert tour with Sir Charles and Lady Hallé. In 1891 she went to Paris and studied a year under Madame Marchesi. She made her operatic début on September 7, 1892, at the Royal Opera-house, Brussels, as Juliet, and was received with favor. She afterward sang in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Berlin, and in 1893 became a member of the Carl Rosa company. She sang Desdemona in Verdi's *Otello* with Tamagno at Monte Carlo in 1894, and secured an engagement at the Opéra Comique, Paris, whence she comes here.

Madame von Januschowsky is very well known here as an operetta-singer. When *Cavalleria Rusticana* was first sung here she was the Santuzza, and her earnest work was commended. She then went abroad, and obtained an engagement in 1892 at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, where she was accepted in the great Wagnerian parts, and was engaged by Messrs. Abbey & Grau. Lola Beeth also comes from the Vienna opera, where for some years she has been the Elsa, Senta, and Venus in the Wagner dramas.

Aurelia Kitzu is a Roumanian. She studied at the Milan Conservatory, and made her début at Livorno in *Il Trovatore*. She afterward went to South America, where she was successful, and also to Havana. Returning to Italy she was engaged for the Teatro Nazionale, Rome, whence she went to Bucharest, and appeared as Amneris in *Aïda*. Engagements followed at the Scala, Milan, the Teatro Comunale, Bologna, (where she was the original Manon in Puccini's opera), the Carlo Fenice theatre, of Geneva, and the Teatro Muro, Pisa. During the last two seasons she has been a member of Sir Augustus Harris's company at Covent Garden, London.

Rosa Olitzka is a Pole, and studied in Germany under Madame Padilla and Julius Hey. She began her career as a concert-singer, and was heard with favor in Berlin, Frankfort, Mainz, and other German cities. Her operatic début was made at Kroll's Theatre, in Berlin, whence she went to Brünn, Austria. She was subsequently heard in Vienna and in Hamburg, where she became a favorite. In 1893 she was engaged for London, and made her début there as Erda in *Siegfried*. Last season she sang Ortrud in *Lohengrin*, and Emilia in *Otello*.

Guillaume Albert Lubert was born at Bordeaux. He began his studies as a pupil of the Société Sainte-Cécile, and subsequently studied at the Paris Conservatoire. He began his career by singing small rôles at the Grand Opéra. In 1880 he made his first success, singing Faust in Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, in a concert at Bordeaux. He was engaged for Brussels, where from 1881 through 1883 he sang such rôles as Leopold in *La Juive*, Raemond in *Robert le Diable*, and Pollio in *Norma*. After leaving Brussels he returned to the Paris Grand Opéra, where he remained till 1885, when he became one of the leading tenors of the Opéra Comique.

Adolph Walnoefer, who, like Jean de Reszké, began his vocal labors as a barytone, has for ten years been the leading tenor at Prague. He travelled for several seasons with the Richard Wagner Theatre of Angelo Neumann, becoming identified with the great heroic rôles of the Wagner dramas. Like many other Wagner tenors who have come to this country, Mr. Walnoefer is said to be no longer young; but it is also asserted that his voice is in excellent condition, and that he will give satisfaction.

W. J. HENDERSON.

'CENSION.*

BY MAUD MASON AUSTIN.

VI.

ANITA rubbed her eyes many times when she sat up in the bed next morning. She called, in a subdued excitement, "'Cension! 'Cension!" but the sleeper did not stir. The child slipped out of bed, and dressing herself hurriedly, went out where she heard Doña Liseta calling the chickens to their morning meal.

"Oh, *madre!*" she cried, "come look at 'Cension. She has not been to bed all night. She is asleep across the bed—with her pink dress on!" the last words in a climax of wonder.

"Child, you must be crazy," the mother said, staring at the excited little face with a sickening, dreadful fear showing itself in her own.

"No, *mamá;* it is true; come." And Anita caught her mother's hand and hurried her towards the open door.

True indeed! The unconscious figure looked weary and dust-covered, and the mother stood like one struck dumb, and gazed in strange apathy at the sight.

"Where has she been, *mamá?*" questioned Anita, frightened at her mother's expression.

"The saints only know," she was conscious of repeating, but her lips did not move, there was no sound, and she turned and went out through the door like one dazed. Bonito felt that the tug had come, and he rapped repeatedly on the floor, and said in his anxious eyes as plainly as ever a dog could, "I was with her—it is all right"; but no notice was taken of him, and he got up, and going to the bed, rubbed his nose along one dusty shoe, with a pathetic anxiety in his face to see her awake and explain their late jaunt.

Doña Liseta walked on towards the corral, where she met Pablo coming with an armful of prairie hay for his horse.

"Why, *mamá*, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, gazing into her blanched face.

"Oh, Pablo, you told me not to think about it, and now it is too late. She is lost! she is lost!" and the tensely strung nerves gave way suddenly in a burst of violent weeping.

Pablo dropped his burden on the ground, and taking his mother's hands, said, in a stranger's voice:

"Tell me, mother, for Heaven's sake, what you mean. She is not gone?"

"She has been away last night—with him," she tremblingly articulated. "Oh, Pablo, my heart is broken! My poor 'Cension! my beautiful child!" and her grief was far beyond control now.

A hard, set whiteness came over Pablo's face that one could not have anticipated there, and he looked fixedly at a corner of the wall, as if controlling himself before he spoke. "Calm yourself, mother, and tell me all you know."

"I know nothing," she sobbed; "Anita told me. She is asleep on the bed; go see for yourself."

Pablo did not wait, but struck out for the door with strange, long strides. He stood for a moment looking down upon the sleeping figure, his face working like a child's before sensitive tears, and there was a dangerous look riveted there as he raised his right hand menacingly above his head with an upward look. He still stood silently gazing down upon her, when she opened her eyes, and sitting quickly erect, put her hand before her face in a dazed way, and said:

"What is it, Pablo? What do you want with me?" Then, noticing the pink dress and dusty shoes, she looked up, with a rush of color, and said, apologetically, "Oh, Pablo, I was so tired. I meant to undress, but—I—guess I forgot it." She sent a wan little smile up to him, for the unsatisfactory evening had returned to her suddenly.

"Where have you been, 'Cension? Why are you like this? What have you done?" he demanded, sternly.

"Oh, Pablo, please do not be angry with me. Indeed I did not think it would be wrong, and I could not ask

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you to go to such a place. I meant to tell you this morning if you asked me, and—I am already very unhappy," she concluded, with a tremble of distress in her voice.

"What do you mean, 'Cension? I insist upon your telling me at once what this means."

"It means that Eduardo does not love me any more, and my heart is broken," she sobbed, plaintively, the long tension on her nerves refusing further strain. "Oh, Pablo, I know he can't love me, after seeing that other woman that loves him too."

"'Cension, tell me, quick—where have you been?"

"To Paso del Norte," she answered.

"Where?"

"To Paso del Norte—to the *baile*."

"Who took you? how did you go?"

"I walked—Bonito and I;" and here the escort mentioned thumped dreadfully hard indeed upon the floor. Pablo's face was relaxing; 'Cension was truth itself, and he felt that he was beginning to understand.

"Do you mean that you walked alone with Bonito last night to see the ball?"

"Yes, Pablo. I did not think it was much of a walk, but I am very tired, after all," and she stood up wearily on her feet. "I did not enjoy it much," she went on, piteously. "Oh, Pablo, do you think Eduardo would love any one else?" Big tears filled the sweet eyes; and Pablo, in his quick sympathy, understanding something of her trouble, said, very gently, with his hand on hers,

"Never mind, little girl; he is not worth your thoughts, much less your tears."

He inwardly hoped the fellow had found some one else to turn him from this child; it would be the best way out of it, and the quickest way to cure her of her infatuation. He could not find it in his heart to scold her now, so he contented himself with saying:

"You ought not to have done it, 'Cension. You should have told me you wanted to go." He motioned to the dog; and Bonito, seeing that hostilities were amicably settled, followed him from the room willingly enough.

He turned towards his mother's room, for he felt she would be there. She sat in a low chair before a small crucifix on the window-sill, rocking herself to and fro monotonously.

"Dear *mamá*, we were dreadfully mistaken. 'Cension has done no wrong—that is, no dreadful wrong. She only walked to town last night to see the ball. She did not even speak to Lerma."

"In the name of the blessed Virgin, what put such a thing into her head?" exclaimed Doña Liseta, showing very natural anger in the sudden relief.

"Do not scold her; she is already punished enough, poor little girl," he interposed. "For mercy's sake, never let the child know what we thought. We never should have thought it, mother. Promise me to say as little as possible to her about it—for my sake," he added, as she looked very determined.

"You always ask such queer things, Pablo. One does not know what you will expect next." She spoke in deep irritation, but Pablo wisely held his peace; he knew it would be as he wished, and he quietly left the room, with Bonito at his heels.

He stopped by the door, and dexterously rolling a cigarette between his fingers, looked absently down the road. Yes, this fright redoubled his anxiety, strengthened his purpose, and he made up his mind to broach the subject of his journey that very day, and start on the morrow.

In the quiet of the afternoon, as the trees threw long slanting shadows on the road, 'Cension came slowly along its dusty way, and when near home sprang lightly upon the low adobe wall that ran along one side, and proceeded to sort a bunch of feathery grasses she had gathered in her walk by the fields. She could not have named a species of the lot; they were to her only some of the "beautiful worsteds in Nature's carpet." She had long since carried her troubles to the Mother of Sorrows, and a calm of half-content had returned to her bosom. Pablo came up and touched her hands before she was aware of his presence. She turned two surprised eyes upon her brother.

"You here, Pablo? I fancied you must be over there," nodding at a solitary square enclosure under some alamos in the field. "When there is so much of heaven all around, I think you could go there in such a time as this, Pablo, and you would forget it was a sorrowful place. You could not think of her as down there, but as already relieved from atonement and with the blessed Mother, who would send comfort to your heart."

"'Cension, it is hard for even religion to comfort such sorrow as mine. But we will not talk of sorrows. I came to tell you that I am going to Mexico to-morrow."

"To the city! Oh, Pablo! Not going away on the railroad again, are you?" she exclaimed, in distress.

"No, no; I am only going for a few days. I will come back just as soon as I can attend to some *negocio* there."

"*Negocio!* Why, Pablo, what business can you have down there? You never go on these short trips."

"It is an important matter. I must attend to it in person." He avoided her eyes by looking across the field.

"I will be so *triste*. You won't stay many days?" she questioned, anxiously looking into his face. This going away of Pablo's was very strange, and she felt slightly dissatisfied with its vagueness.

"I have no wish to stay longer than is necessary. I only wish," he went on, slowly, looking down, and drawing figures in the dust with his foot, "that I did not feel that I ought to go at all."

"Why do you go? Tell me, Pablo. Have you ceased to trust me?"

"No, no, 'Cension. I could never cease to trust you, child," a dull red coming guiltily into his cheeks as he remembered that morning. "I will tell you more—everything—when I come back. So let me help you down now," he said, giving her his hands, touched by her reluctance to see him go. "It is growing chill here, and the night falls so suddenly."

She landed lightly on her feet, and looking through the trees, said, quickly, "Isn't that Señor Lerma's horse at the door?" Before he could answer she was walking, almost running, towards the house.

The brother looked after her, and stood pondering in deep dejection where she had left him before he followed in her footsteps. Evidently the fellow had not found some one else. Well, he would not be gone long, and when he returned he would interview Señor Lerma.

Lerma's *caballo* was indeed at the door, but neither the rider nor 'Cension was to be seen. They had seated themselves on the heap of adobes beyond the *patio*. In her joy at seeing her lover's face she had forgotten her misgivings; but now, seated quietly, and Eduardo drinking in the beauty before him, his look stabbed her memory with the old pang.

"Oh, Eduardo," she said, "I have been so unhappy." She paused, embarrassed.

"Unhappy, sweet? Why have you been unhappy?" He took the slender fingers in his two hands and leaned towards her, but she still kept silent. "Can't you tell me what it is, 'Cension?"

"You will hate me!" she burst out, excitedly.

"Hate you, *linda?*" and he said no more, but looked with burning eyes straight into her own.

"Have they told you to give me up?" he asked.

"No, no. No one has told me anything. Why should they? But I—I was at the ball last night—and—I—saw—Jesusita." And she could not have spoken another word to save her life.

"At the ball! Saw Jesusita! Well, what of that? Only you must be dreaming. Who took you to the ball? I did not see you. What do you mean, child?" She sobbed and made no answer.

He soothed her with sweet words, and watched the beautiful abandoned figure with deep perplexity.

"I love Jesusita!" he exclaimed, presently, as she whispered something with her face turned away. "I'd as soon think of loving—that willow post," he retorted, seeking a comparison; and for once in his life he spoke the truth. "I love no creature on earth but your own sweet self." As near as he was capable of loving anything, he did love the gracious piece of womanhood before him, and at the thought of Jesusita and her platitudes in this hour he could have spat upon the ground in disgust. No, no; if it came to a question of the two, give up this one—never!

Ah, Pablo, watchful brother, you must speed you on your mission, or the inveigler will have made your interference too late!

Later, when he was leaving, 'Cension told him of Pablo's proposed absence. "I could not have planned it better myself," he thought, as he rode along in the beautiful night.

Pablo stood on the long platform of the Mexican Central station next day, waiting for the cars to pull over the bridge before they could go out. Then he went up to Placido, who was tying his horse behind his outlandish ox-cart.

"Placido, take good care of 'Cension while I am gone. Be—be watchful!" Unable to explain his strange request, he walked hurriedly away.

"What ails the boy? 'Take good care of 'Cension!' 'be watchful!' No need to tell me to watch her. Don't I just dote on seeing her shiny eyes and pink cheeks and her kittenish ways? Watch her, indeed!" And the queer old soul mounted his quaint cart behind his quainter steeds, and pounded the patient beasts unmercifully as a vent for the uneasiness his young master's words had inspired.

Pablo Dorantes's journey lasted more days than he had calculated: long days over dusty miles, through arid, ragged foot-hills and bleached valleys at first; then through the lovely valley of Santa Cruz de Rosales; now into Durango's forbidding sterility; then again amid the grandeur of lofty mountains capped with eternal snow, mazy vistas of bottomless chasms and pyramidal cones and strange cataclysmic confusion of bowlder and gorge and precipice, and on to the summit guarded by lofty La Bufa.

He did not stop here, but went on to the outskirts of Leon, to Maximo Ruperta's. The poor old man had sat half-witted ever since that cruel day when the flood rushed upon them and swept so many souls into eternity and so many homes into nothingness.

Pablo learned much from the sorrowful old man's disjointed lamentations, and followed it up by shrewd and exhaustive questionings of his sad-eyed daughter, who wept alternately over the three little ones lost in the raging waters and the two forlorn, half-fed ones left to her care. Much saddened by the destitution he saw, Pablo felt his indignation doubly augmented against a certain callous villain whose deceitful smile he knew well. Burning to rush home and unmask him, he bade the deserted wife farewell, leaving a goodly gold coin in the passive palm.

"Say, young sir, if you should happen to see a fine fellow named Lerma in your travels, tell him Silveria Ruperta is dressed in her beautiful white wedding-gown, with the orange flowers in her pretty hair, waiting for him and the *padre*," Maximo Ruperta called after the visitor, as Pablo hurried away, unable to bear the sound of Silveria Lerma's tearful soothing of the old man, who began shrieking that "the flood was upon them again."

Pablo then went by *diligencia* to San Luis Potosi, still pursued by the hopeless face he saw at Leon, then hastened to the city of Mexico to get confirmation of his last suspicion of Lerma. He succeeded. All was complete! He was ready to return and face the traitor at home. The thought of the coming meeting made his blood boil with wrath. He stopped a half-day at Queretaro on his return, and held a confidential interview with one Guillermo Alderete, who lived under the shadow of the "Cerro de las Campanas," where three lonely crosses mark the spot where Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia received the death-bullets. As Pablo walked along, with his mind full of these fateful reminders, Alderete himself, unwashed, uncombed, after a hard night at "El Antiguo Café del Infiernito," hove in sight and recognized him.

They rushed into each other's arms, smilingly patting each other on the back in that devoted fashion which means so little with the Mexicans. Guillermo was the most famous detective between Zacatecas and the city of Mexico. Pablo explained his mission. Alderete eagerly agreed to accompany him in an hour. Shortly they boarded the train, and sped away on the track of the unsuspecting subject of their whispered conversations.

VII.

In the mean time Lerma's knavery was not sleeping. The frequency of his visits in Pablo's absence filled Doña Liseta with deep anxiety, and the restless, worried look on her daughter's face in the last few days touched her heart with vague alarm.

"I do not approve of Señor Lerma's frequent visits," she found courage to say, one sunny morning, when mother and daughter were engaged over some needle-work. She noted the blush which suffused 'Cension's face, and she drew discouraging conclusions from it.

"Why should he not come, *mamá?* He loves me, you know, and we will be married when—when"—and her voice trembled in a frightened way—"when the *padre* thinks best," she concluded, faintly.

"'Cension, Pablo does not approve of Señor Lerma," she made bold to say.

"Not approve? He has not said so to me. He knows we will be married—soon." Again the hesitation and vivid blush that showed more than a girl's natural confusion at the mention of her marriage.

"He ought to have said it," mentally commented the señora. She felt deeply incensed at Pablo's strange treatment of this matter. What could she say or do, indeed, to interfere, when 'Cension had been allowed to believe that the devotion of her lover was almost as acceptable to all the rest as it was to herself? She had no reason to give if she interfered. And certainly Pablo *had* doubted him. Something must be wrong. He could not mean well. She anxiously reiterated, "I wish Pablo would come."

'Cension rose when her task was finished and walked towards the public road. Seating herself on the trunk of an uprooted cottonwood, she looked absently at the scene before her. The old-time glow which transformed the face at the undisturbed enjoyment of nature did not come to-day.

One accustomed to her sweet vivacity would have been struck by the despondency of the young face, the weariness of the dark eyes, the drooping attitude. Carlyle says, "Say unto all kinds of happiness, I can do without thee; with self-renunciation life begins." It took little indeed to constitute happiness to her; she would make no exhaustive demands upon Fate's hoard of gifts; she asked not for ambition, power, wealth, or ease; she only craved sunshine and peace. Alas, that such modest petitioners may be turned away empty-handed!

Eduardo rode almost past her before he saw the quiet figure.

"What are you doing, sweetheart?"

"Thinking," she answered, briefly, lifting those dark eyes to his face, to which the long lashes gave the look of those Venetian beauties Giorgione loved to paint.

"Thinking? Then my love has at last decided to—trust, to do *all* that he asks for the man she loves? Is it so?"

He must make the most of this blessed opportunity

"No, Eduardo. You do not understand. I have decided nothing. The more I think, the more miserable I become." And one wonders how he could feel no pity for the troubled, upturned face.

"You are a cruel, foolish girl." She winced. "I ask you to be married a few weeks sooner than might be expected. You treat me as if I were a *ladron*. I ask you to trust the man you will spend all your future with; you seem to think it a crime. I am out of patience with it all. You don't love me," and he walked off a few steps, well knowing the nature he was dealing with.

"You are unjust," she answered, when he came nearer. "I have given all there is in me of love to you. You well know it. I will not be moved by your reproaches. *Soy la culpable*, for loving you too well. But even for you," she went on, gently, "I cannot consent to do something that would hurt Pablo and *mamá*—and the rest," she added, mentally picturing the bluff father's pride and affection and old Placido's devotion, "unless it is best, and for everybody's happiness. You should not ask it. We must not think only of ourselves."

"My happiness counts for *nada*," he exclaimed, impatiently, "and you say you love me!"

"I do," she answered, simply—"I do love you with my whole soul. I have no life only in you," she went on, passionately. "I trust you; I do not doubt you: but—there is something, Eduardo, something within me that tortures me at the thought of doing as you ask. I cannot feel that it is right, though you tell me that it is not wrong. I do not know what it is," she went on, in an intense voice. "I cannot make you understand, but I can't be happy for it, and—I cannot go without their consent," she concluded, very quietly, with a straight look into his eyes that might well discourage him.

He looked at her sternly, and a disheartening fear came to him that she might not yield at all. But she must; it was almost his last hope. It must be done before that hateful Pablo returned. The amicable feeling between these two was, without doubt, "Brother, brother, we could hang each other."

"'Cension, you make me very unhappy. You make me almost doubt your love. I cannot go without you," and he took her hands and held them close in his own. "I have told you how an unexpected train of circumstances makes it necessary for me to leave here to-morrow, and I ask so little, only that you will go with me—that you will not send me away without you." And the dastard had told it so often, and so much in earnest, that he actually felt for the time that it was true, and a feeling of almost self-pity came over him vaguely because of these cruel circumstances. "I may never come back. 'Cension," he went on, dramatically, but very much in earnest, for he saw he must do his best, "could you live without me and be happy?" And taking advantage of the pain-stricken expression of her face, he went on, pleadingly: "Do not say no. Then I shall go away, and perhaps never see your face again."

She looked away from him and said never a word. A throbbing went and came within her. She was conscious of only wondering idly why some of the distant cottonwoods were such a brilliant yellow, while nearly all else was so sere; it was now November.

Drawing her hands away from his close clasp, she rose wearily to her feet, and said:

"Well—well, let me go now, Eduardo. I feel tired—unsettled. No, do not come to the house with me."

"But when I come to-morrow—will you be ready?" he asked, following her.

"I—I—do not know," she answered, almost as if she did not know what words she was saying.

"I will come, and I will be made happy," he exclaimed. He kissed her hands and stood watching her go slowly back to the house. "She suspects nothing—yet gives me so much trouble. I will have earned my happiness,

my pretty one," he said, half aloud, as he turned and walked towards his horse, grazing a few paces away. He had devoted the evening before to Jesusita. As he rode along he thought she would not be so hard to persuade to do what he asked of 'Cension. The clandestine marriage would only add romance, make her feel that she was nobly sacrificing in her love for him. But, man like, he longed for the fruit just beyond his reach.

Women are generally accredited with arriving at their conclusions through instinct, not reason, but there was more than a spark of the latter in 'Cension's present indecision. She honestly believed every word the tempter said of the "circumstances" which made him ask of her to be married clandestinely. But why concealment without motive? The guileless nature was tortured at the idea of deceiving those who loved her, and starting on the new life with no blessing.

No! If this marriage must be concealed, she would none of it!

The next morning she felt lighter of heart than for many days past, and kissed Doña Liseta with no sign of the shadowed eyes that had of late so troubled the mother's heart.

She stood in the door and looked down the road.

"I hope Pablo will come to-day. I will be happier when he is here. I am an ungrateful girl; I have let myself be really unhappy over the thought of this short separation from Eduardo, for it is, of course, nothing more. He will come back soon. Why shouldn't he? But I shall say 'no' to him. It is best so."

She came into the corral with slow-moving Bonito at her heels. Enrique, one of the small brothers, suddenly came in view, shouting, gayly,

"'Cension, here is Pablo!" She followed the flying figure with quick footsteps; she heard a cheery voice greeting Enrique. She fairly flew into Pablo's arms, and held him convulsively about the neck. "Oh, Pablo! oh, Pablo!" was all she could say in the surprise and relief which came with his helpful presence.

"Little sister, you delight me," he said, smiling at her greeting. "Did you miss me so much, then?"

"I have been unhappy, wretched, without you."

"Where has Lerma been? With you sometimes?"

She looked apprehensively at him. "Yes; quite often." Then she forgot all her reserve. Lerma had told her not to mention this thing to her mother, but had said nothing of the brother.

"Oh, I am *so* glad I did not do it, Pablo!" she said, suddenly, taking his hand. "So glad I did not go before you came. You would not have understood."

"Glad you did not do what?" asked Pablo, his face darkening.

"Don't be angry. Eduardo, poor fellow, has been dreadfully treated by some people he trusted. He has to go away because of it. He is so worried. It is strange how wicked people can be, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," he answered, meaningly. "What is it you are glad you did not do?" he demanded.

She came closer to him, with her hands clasped behind her, blushing beautifully, and almost whispered the words which so affected him.

"I am just in time. *Cristo*, if I had been too late!" he said, under his breath.

"Pablo, you look as you did when I went to the ball. Are you so angry with me, *hermano? Mamá* said you did not like Eduardo. You do, do you not, Pablo?"

He did not answer. She stood with downcast eyes and quivering lips before him, like a grieved child at an unexpected reprimand.

After a moment he mastered his passion. He took her by the hand and walked on towards the mother's room, saying: "I am not angry. You are a good little sister to tell me this. I will arrange it with Lerma." She did not see the gleam in his eyes. "Think no more about it now. To-morrow I will tell you why I went away, as I promised to do."

"But I won't be here to-morrow, Pablo *mio*. It is to-night that Eduardo must go."

"Yes, I understand. I know *he* will go away to-night," he said, in stern, decisive tones. "But I don't think you will go with him, 'Cension."

"But Father Miranda has promised to be at the church to-night to meet us! Eduardo told me yesterday. You don't mean that I am not to go? I will be so unhappy to disappoint him," and she gazed pleadingly at him.

"I tell you I will see him when he comes," he answered, evasively. "Run along now; I must have a talk with mother. I have not seen her yet."

He understood, without many words, what his mother had to tell him, and felt that she might well rejoice that he had come, even if she did mingle her satisfaction with much blame for him. He thought it best to keep his sister's late confidence to himself, so he did not tell her all that his coming might mean.

"Heaven be praised that I did not stay that one day more at Queretaro when Alderete urged me!" thinking of that gentleman ensconced in Placido's *jacal* for the night.

He would see Lerma when he came, turn him over to the tender mercies of Alderete's handcuffs, then he would tell 'Cension the whole truth to-morrow. He decided upon his course with no inconsiderable fortitude, for his gentle heart shrank from opening her eyes to the true state of affairs.

The moon rose in a brilliant red-gold disk. It threaded the cottonwoods and fell in sifted rays upon two figures standing very close in the quiet night.

"Pablo says he wants to see you," 'Cension was saying. "I will go and find him."

"No, never mind," interrupted Eduardo, laying his hand upon her arm. "To-morrow will do. I will come to-morrow."

She stood a moment gazing across the field before them, and he thought he had never before realized how beautiful she was.

"Eduardo, I feel as if I could never be unhappy again." She swung his hand that she held backward and forward as she looked at him, half laughing, half earnest. "Here I was making myself almost wretched and wicked, and now everything is so perfect. Pablo has come, and I need not be troubled any more. And now you have come and told me that you do not have to go away to-night! We are very foolish creatures when we let ourselves be miserable when all the world is so beautiful," and she glanced along the moonlit valley.

The sweet, half-sad mood passed, and she looked up at him with merry eyes. "Why are you so silent, señor?" she demanded, playfully, giving his hand a long swing and dropping it.

Why, indeed?

When 'Cension told him, after the first few words, when he found her there a moment ago, that Pablo had returned, he was bewildered, furious. With her brother in the house he could not propose to her to go to-night. She would naturally insist upon telling him. With shrewdness he had told her at once that he had found that he would not have to leave Paso del Norte just yet, after all, and accepted her loving gesture of glad surprise, while he swore inwardly, undecided as to what he should do next. Then she proposed going to call Pablo. In his confusion he forgot to ask her not to mention this late plan to her brother.

He did not dream that Pablo already knew of the plan for the night, but it would have made no material difference in the events to follow if he had. Pablo was waiting in front to see him, and would have had his reckoning with him even if he had not heard of this last proposed manœuvre.

"You are not going already, are you?" she asked, as he said something of getting his horse.

"I have important things to do to-night."

"Oh, if you might only stay!" she pleaded. "Surely never was so beautiful a night. And look at the Indians' signal-fires, Eduardo, along the mountains!"

"They are great idiots to lug wood up there to amuse the people in the valley with these illuminations," said Lerma, sourly.

"Eduardo, don't say so. It is all in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe. What! you must go? Well, *adios*."

He did not care to see Pablo just yet. He must get away, think it out. She left a kiss on the hand that held hers as he turned and hurried off.

Left alone, 'Cension stood a moment watching the twinkling signal-fires. Then she turned towards the house. Doña Liseta stood in the *patio* critically eying the paper coverings she had just adjusted over some plants, thinking the mild November night might prove colder than usual.

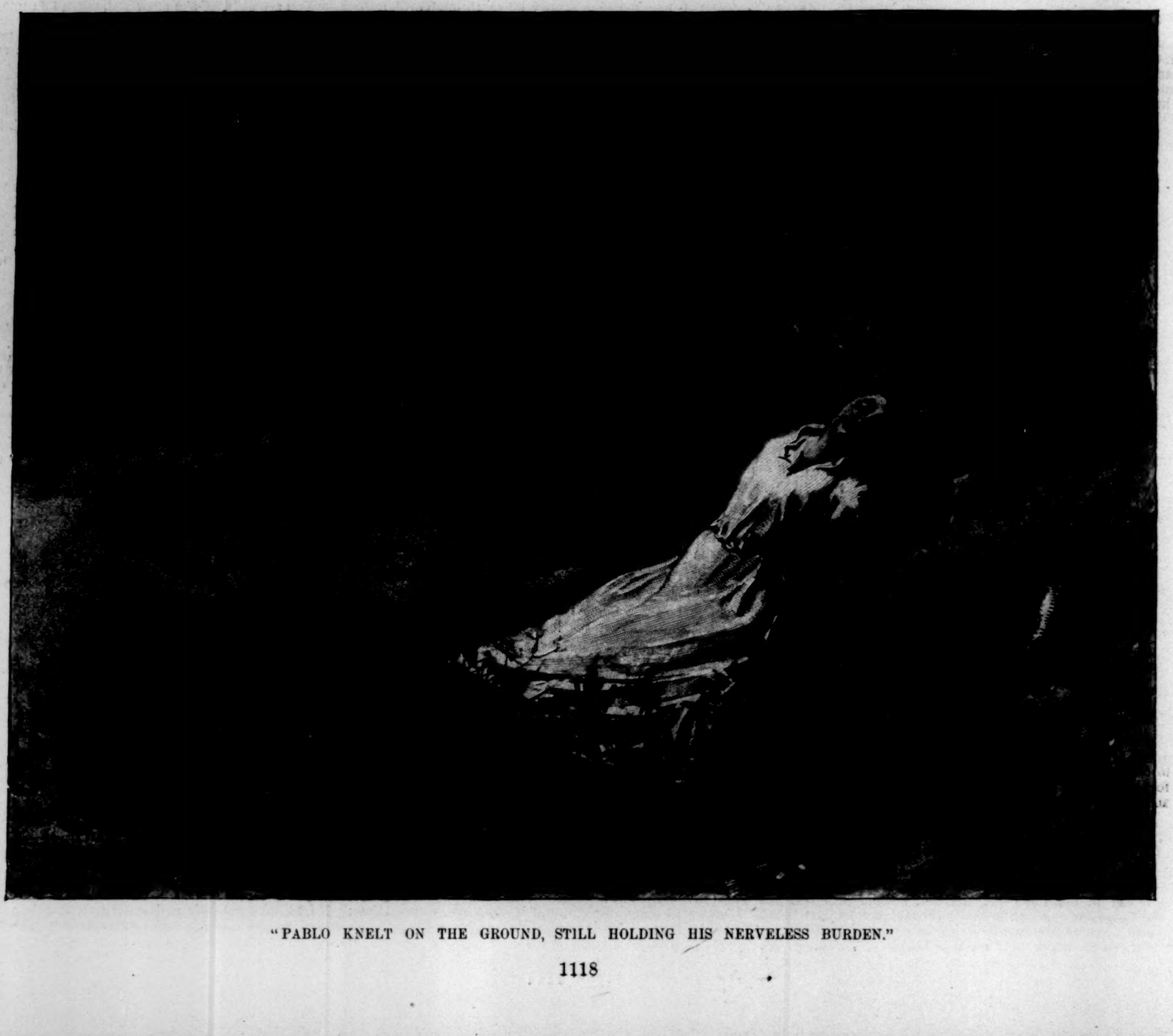
"They will be safe, won't they, 'Cension?" she asked, as her daughter came towards her in the moonlight.

"You dear, careful mother, yes," she answered, lightly swinging by the *madre's* waist as she passed her.

"Where are you going, child?"

"Only for a little walk," she answered, looking back.

'Cension had thought of something she wished to say to Lerma. His visit had been so unsatisfactory. He might not yet have passed the hedge; she hurried through the alfalfa; she neared the road. She heard Pablo's voice in



"PABLO KNELT ON THE GROUND, STILL HOLDING HIS NERVELESS BURDEN."

conversation with some one. "So they met, after all," she thought, with a smile, slackening her pace and nearing the two unseen talkers. She would not interrupt them. She was thinking how the bare limbs of a tree in front looked like supplicating arms held aloft towards the sky. Then her attention was attracted by Pablo's voice, raised, as he said:

"I'll have no more parleying, you dog! *You* can't marry any woman, much less my sister."

Lerma's voice sounded in an insolent laugh, as he retorted: "I did not expect to trouble myself about the marrying part. Padre Miranda agreed to do the job for *quince pesos*, just to satisfy the little one. I wanted herself."

Pablo's eyes burned dangerously. He seemed hardly able to restrain himself. Then he cried, indignantly,

"I have seen your wife and little children, villain!"

"The devil you have!" exclaimed the other, unguardedly.

Neither man saw the figure a few steps away, that, with tightly clasped hands and startled, piteous eyes, stood stricken with its first knowledge of *incontinencia*.

"Not only that! I know by the help of whose deft fingers those German jewels disappeared from the post-office!"

Pablo was too intent to notice the wicked light of the eyes that scintillated in the moonlight as Lerma stood like an animal ready to spring. "I know who is wanted, not by the name of Lerma, but Garcia, at the city, for the conspiracy against—" But he never finished the sentence.

The girlish figure rushed forward. Pablo had his sister in his arms. 'Cension's own body had sheathed the deadly stiletto aimed at her brother.

Lerma leaped down the road. The sound of his horse's fleeing hoofs came on the still night.

Pablo knelt on the ground, still holding his nerveless burden. His face looked more death-stricken than that on his breast. With a shuddering sob he murmured, "Oh, my little sister, it is the kinder of the two he has given you." Bonito raised his head in the *patio* and sent out a dismal howl. It was answered down the lane by Alderete's curses. He mounted and struck his spurs into his horse's flanks.

"Come back!" cried Pablo, frantically. "Nothing matters now! He has killed her. Oh, 'Cension! 'Cension!"

"God help us, surely not!" said Alderete, coming up. "There, brace up, my boy," he went on, kindly, loosening the figure from Pablo's clasp. "Look! it would have been your heart, but it is only her arm. She has fainted."

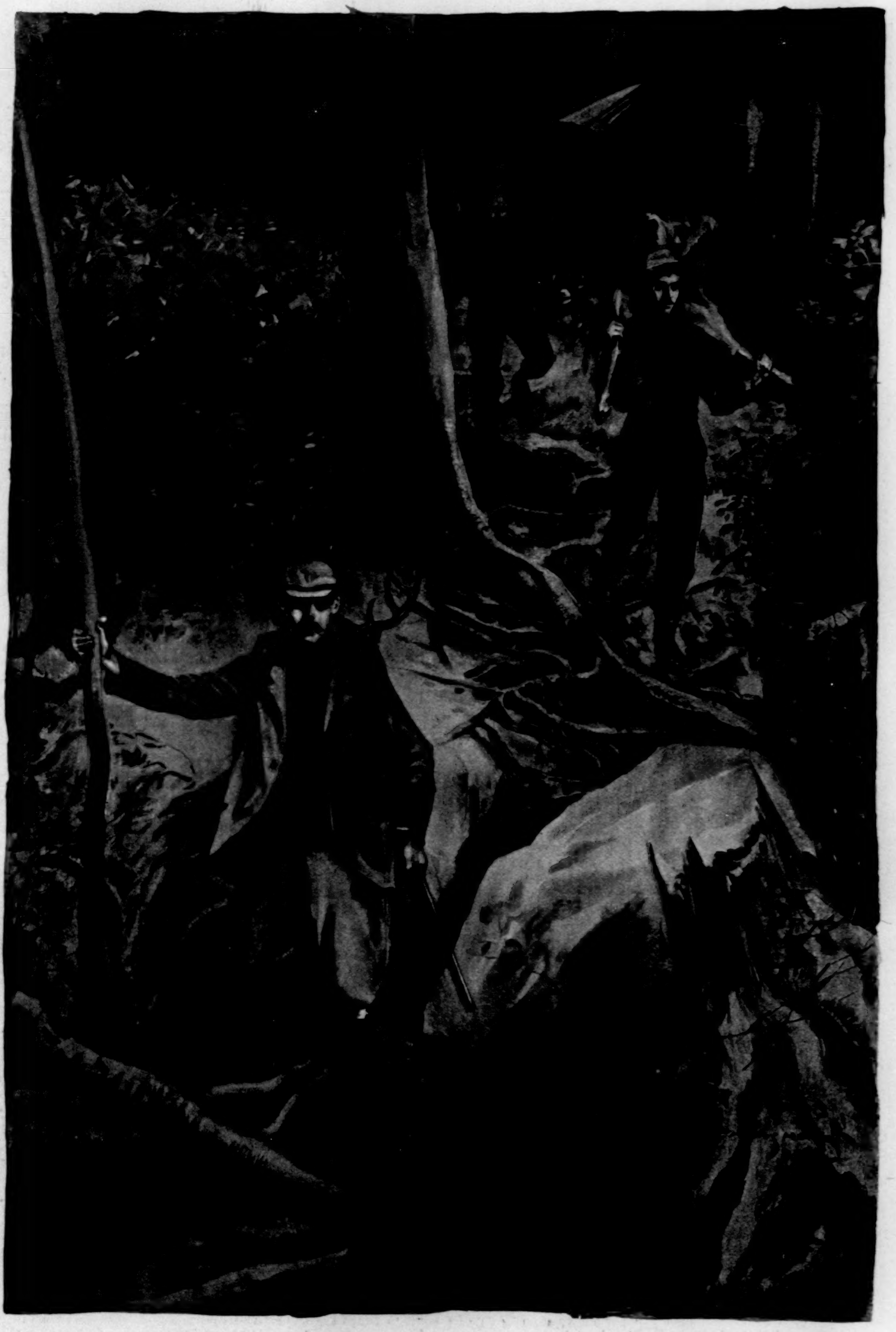
Even as he spoke there was a tremble on the white face, and two pathetic dark eyes flashed their love and resignation into Pablo's anxious ones.

Next morning, when Conchita Barassa called her sister Jesusita, there was no answer. The unscrupulous *padre* had received his shamefully earned dollars the night before, not knowing or caring that the bride had been asked ten minutes before on the plea that the post-office authorities were on the bridegroom's track.

Alas, it is only the same old story!

"The tale repeated o'er and o'er,
With change of place and change of name,
Disguised, transformed, and yet the same
We've heard a hundred times before."

THE END.



IN THE ADIRONDACKS—THE RETURN FROM THE HUNT.—Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

THE PASSING OF THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

There are few titles so misapplied as that of sportsman. It is bestowed with equal impartiality and inappropriateness upon him who drags fingerlings by the countless dozens out of the stream and him who drives a deer into the water, rows upon, and clubs it to death. Evidently any man who hires a gun or a rod and goes out of the city for a day is forthwith hailed as a sportsman, and is just as much a sportsman practically as the average man who drives is a horseman. We live in an age of superficiality. Man is not what he apparently is, but what he succeeds in making people think he is. But it is too bad a clearer popular understanding is not had of just what constitutes a sportsman. And it is unfortunate our New York State Legislature is so wanting in specimens of the genuine article.

Still, there is always something to be thankful for if we but look around, and this case is no exception. Sportsmen have grown in the last dozen years in the United States from individuals, scattered here and there, to a large class, which continues increasing, and earnestly working for the good cause. The pot-hunter has ceased to walk abroad by day. The man who formerly boasted of the size of his bag no longer advertises the slaughter of his gun. Game-laws have improved slowly, though encouragingly, but their enforcement has lagged very unpromisingly. It is one thing to make laws, it is quite another to enforce them; and here in New York we have had to contend with neglect both in the making of the law and its fulfilment.

There is hardly a State in the Union, where game-laws of any description are necessary, that has not advanced beyond New York in timeliness and sportsmanliness of its game-law legislation. We have had great difficulty in this State in getting through laws of any kind, and those that we have are but half effective. Our game supervision has always seemed to be of a most perfunctory nature. Every autumn there is an explosion of indignation from sportsmen over the slaughter of deer in the Adirondacks, and every winter a promise of coming together in an endeavor to obtain such legislation as will do away with the most killing methods of the pot-hunter.

It is more the want of legislation in New York, probably, than it is enforcement that we need, for so long as men are legalized to jack and to hound deer, just so long will the slaughter continue. No sportsman, of course, ever jacks deer or hounds them after the Adirondack method. But guns are not restricted to the use of sportsmen only. It would be a blessing if they were. The Adirondacks are more the play-ground of men who rush out of the city and into knickerbockers simultaneously, with a large idea of their doing the "correct thing," and a conviction that they must kill something to sustain the reputation so elaborate an outfitting has gained them among the other city chaps who have not discharged themselves into knickerbockers.

I have never been able to understand what pleasure any man can get from jacking deer, nor from hounding them into the lakes. A sportsman hunts for the pleasure and exhilaration of the chase. The mere killing is simply the crowning of a successful hunt. The killing itself is not the prime requisite, as it is with the Adirondack butcher.

Still-hunting is the only fair and sportsmanlike method of hunting deer. Here your woodcraft and your skill are brought into requisition, you study the country as you pick your way, and all the time there is the suppressed excitement incident to the feeling that at any moment you may see your quarry; and when you do see it,

after a day's tramping, how amply repaid you are for all the fatigue.

Hounding deer in a country where there are lakes for refuge is a pursuit utterly unworthy of man. So far as the Adirondacks are concerned the method is as follows: The gunners are divided among the several lakes in the vicinity of a proposed hunt, and when settled in their several positions the guide takes the hounds and starts off through the woods, releasing one at the finding of each scent. The deer thus pursued seeks the nearest lake, because it knows the hound will not follow it in the water. The hunters lying in wait at this particular point do not even make an attempt to better their diversion by taking a snap-shot at the animal as it comes rushing into the water, but, on the contrary, they deepen the depravity of hounding by waiting until the deer has swum well out, and then row him down and blow his brains out at the closest range, and with buckshot. A sportsmanlike way of hunting, forsooth! It is about equal to cornering a cow in the barn-yard, sticking a double-barrel shot-gun behind her ear, and pulling trigger. No sportsman uses buckshot on deer, but I am sorry to say that there are many Americans who go into Canada to kill deer, and who go elsewhere for the same purpose, who do use buckshot. But these men are not sportsmen, have no inherent love of the chase, go out to kill and for no other purpose. It saddens the heart of a sportsman to see such men carrying a rifle.

Jacking is another of the pot-hunter's methods of killing deer. He is still in a boat, but this time it is night, and he has fixed a bull's-eye lantern to the bow. The crew is complete, with a man in the stern who can handle the paddle silently. The deer come down to the lake during the summer nights to escape mosquitoes and wade out into the sedge, where they stand in peace. The jacker steals upon them, throwing the light full into their eyes, which so dazzles and fascinates them that they frequently allow him to approach within a few feet. Unfortunately, the men who do this sort of killing are oftentimes poor shots, and even at such short range only succeed in wounding the deer, which makes its escape into the woods, to wander off and to die.

What we need are strict laws prohibiting the hunting of deer by either of these methods, and the killing of does. No sportsman kills the female, except through necessity for meat. What we chiefly need, too, is the shortening of the open season. Now the season begins in August, because the hotels in the Adirondacks are full at that time with the beknickerbockered "sportsmen," and the hotel men have a "pull" in the Legislature. The season ought not to open until October 1st. The law forbidding the killing of more than two deer to one man is not very practical, as it is almost impossible to put it into effective operation.

This year deer have not been so plentiful as last, and the slaughter of them has been greater. In Maine the law prohibits the use of dogs or jack-lanterns, or the killing of a female. This is the kind of law that is needed in New York.

C. W. W.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

THE BURMAH RAILWAY.

THE railway system of Burmah is as yet in its infancy. This is not to be wondered at when it is considered that, so far at least as Upper Burmah is concerned, it is only eight years since the country was annexed as a province to the Indian Empire. It was not until the year 1826 that, upon the close of the first Burmese War, the seaboard province of Arakan, the long strip of country lying between the shore of the Bay of Bengal and the mountain range dividing it from the great valley of the Irrawaddy, and that of Tenasserim, which is a similar narrow strip of coastal territory stretching far down the Malay Peninsula, came into the hands of the government of India by cession from the King of Burmah. These two districts, besides being narrow coastal regions, were the poorest of the country, and at the time were almost depopulated as the consequence of generations of misgovernment. The population of Arakan was found soon after to amount to an average of a little more than five persons to each square mile, and that of Tenasserim to about half as many. In 1852, however, the result of the second Burmese war was the cession of the province of Pegu, which embraced the whole of the lower part of the rich valley of the Irrawaddy, with all the great alluvial delta around its various mouths, which became the British province of Lower Burmah.

The acquisition of this rich and comparatively populous district first brought the question of transportation in Burmah into prominence. The scattered and poor populations of the two provinces first acquired were quite inadequate to support any considerable system of transportation, but it was different with the lands in the rich valley of the Irrawaddy. Roads were projected and partly carried out penetrating the country in various directions, and particularly up the valley towards Upper Burmah, until in 1872 the first beginning of railway construction introduced the new era of transport into the regions beyond the Ganges. Between that time and 1887, the date of the last Burmese war and the final annexation of Upper Burmah, the railway was carried up the valley nearly as far as the frontier, connecting the whole of the rich though low-lying district with the great port of Rangoon, which from 1852 had become the capital and commercial centre of the province. The railway was, perhaps unfortunately, conceived on a scale of economy better suited to the condition and immediate prospects of the country than to what now appears likely to be its commercial development at no distant date. This line, and of course its recent extension into Upper Burmah as far as Saigan, just below Mandalay, is of the narrow gauge of three feet three inches, while all the other lines with which it will connect within the next few years are either four feet eight and a half inches gauge, as in the case of the Siam lines, or of five feet six inches, which is the gauge of most of the great lines of India.

There can be no better illustration, however, of the progressive agency of rapid transport in increasing the wealth of countries, even of such as are not populous, than that of Burmah. This, of course, can as yet apply only to the lower district, as the extension into the last annexed province, extending about three hundred miles, has but just been completed. Where it has been in operation for even a few years the evidences of increasing population and activity abound on every side, and there can be no doubt of the hearty appreciation by the natives of the new mode of transport both for passengers and goods. Like all the Indian lines, a system of low rates prevails on the Burmese lines, the cost of passenger transit—third-class—being as low as half a cent per mile. The result is that in comparison with the population the passenger traffic is enormous—so great, indeed, as to enable the line to pay working expenses and interest on capital without trenching on the usual government guarantee.

Railway construction in Burmah has presented no special features of difficulty to engineers, and the line, being almost entirely through a level country, presents very few subjects for pictorial illustration. The general system of construction both of lines and carriages, or cars, is very similar to that pursued on the Indian lines, although less costly and substantial. The same animated scenes of Eastern humanity meet the eyes of strangers, except that in Burmah there is nothing like the enormous crowds of passengers which make Indian railway stations so unique; nor are the people there of manifestly different races, speaking in a polyglot of tongues. Yet both the scenes and the people are full of interest, and their appearance is sufficiently striking and novel to secure interest even from travellers who, like ourselves, had been hurrying through somewhat similar experiences for weeks past. A Burmese crowd is less varied and, so far, less picturesque than an Indian one; it is also less noisy; but on the whole the people have a more prosperous and light-hearted look, and they display a much greater regard for and appreciation of the picturesque effects of color in dress.

Two of our pictures display a curious innovation in railway regulation which we had not seen before. The system of having separate compartments for men and women, which is universal on the Indian lines, prevails on the Burmese lines also, but here the carriages are marked by a system of pictorial illustration, evidently adopted with the view of rendering mistakes impossible. The ladies' sign presents a fair representation of the Burmese young women of perhaps the slightly higher class, with a legend written in the two native characters as well as in English. The men's sign indicates that the carriages are for the use of the two classes characteristically distinguished as Pongyis, or priests, and men only. The portrait of the priest, if hardly so flattering as that of the lady, is equally correct in costume, and gives a fair idea of the appearance of the Buddhist priest or monk of Burmah.

PRAIRIE-CHICKEN SHOOTING.

THE glories of the primeval upland have perhaps never been more charmingly described than by Washington Irving in his *Tour of the Prairies*. The picture of a vast, rolling, mainly treeless wilderness, peopled with buffalo, wapiti, bear, deer, and antelope, is there drawn in a way to bring envy to the heart of every modern sportsman. But readers of the work will recall that even in that early day the supply of big game on the prairies was not quite limitless, and that exceptionally the hunters whose exploits are narrated had to seek less noble quarry. It is made entirely plain, however, that these valorous hunters felt it an act of condescension now and then to shoot a few wild-turkeys for food, and that nothing less than actual hunger could induce them so far to humble themselves as to kill the insignificant feathered creature called a prairie-chicken.

That was sixty years ago. To-day, if you question a sportsman of this region—now no longer a wilderness—as to the game that his neighborhood affords, he will be almost sure to head his list with that same prairie-hen which his forerunner held so in contempt.

Throughout the middle and western portions of the country there are numberless sportsmen who keep a hunting equipment solely that they may for a few weeks each year hunt this bird, the reason being that over large areas of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and similar prairie States the prairie-hen is the only game bird that is sufficiently abundant and easy of pursuit to tempt the less enthusiastic moiety of sportsmen. The average sportsman is not unlike other mortals in that he wishes to secure a fair return for a reasonable exertion; and there is no denying that as compared with ruffed grouse, quail, snipe, woodcock, or any other of our first-water game birds, the prairie-hen is, under existing conditions, incomparably the one most easily bagged.

In saying this, however, I would not for a moment reflect upon the game qualities of the prairie-hen. The relative ease with which it can be secured is due in part to the nature of its habitat, but mainly to the fact that almost everywhere the game laws permit it to be hunted while the young of the year are immature and the old birds weakened by the moult. Our other land game birds are usually more or less protected by the cover which they frequent; but the prairie-hen, springing before your dogs on the treeless upland, must depend solely upon its wings for safety, and these give it very inadequate protection during the time of its immaturity. On September 1st, when the season commonly opens according to existing laws, most of the chickens are but two-thirds grown or less. They are just exchanging their first feathers for the plumage of maturity. Their wings are relatively weak, and, unless they have previously been frightened, they are usually so indisposed to leave cover that it is often necessary to almost literally kick them from the grass or stubble. Once in the air, an indifferent marksman may cut them down with tolerable certainty. Two guns may commonly secure every bird of a covey.

Under such circumstances chicken-shooting hardly takes high rank in the list of field sports. But a month or two later, the moulting season over and the young full grown, the prairie-hen is figuratively as well as literally a bird of another feather. It has become more wary, though still lying reasonably well; its flight is swift and strong; it has learned the value of scrub-oak patches and corn-fields as cover to be sought in an emergency; in short, it has now become, in its full November prime, a game bird worthy the prowess of any sportsman.

No one who has not the ardor of the true sportsman thinks of going in pursuit of this mature prairie-hen. But unfortunately, as I have already intimated, a veritable host of hunters stand ready to assail the September weaklings. The inevitable result is that the ranks of this splendid fowl are being thinned at a rate that arouses the indignation of every right-minded person familiar with the facts. Fifteen years ago, in any favorable region of the Mississippi Valley and westward, there was no reasonable limit to the bag an average sportsman with a good dog might make any day in the fall when he chose to go out on the prairies. The present season, on revisiting this region, I found skilled sportsmen hunting all day long over favorable fields and returning with five or six chickens at most, sometimes with none at all. Thus is the hardiest and most prolific of our game birds threatened with extinction on the broad prairies of the West, as it has already been completely exterminated throughout the East. And this despite the fact that the prairie-hen thrives best in a cultivated country, if properly protected, tending constantly to extend its range in the wake of civilization.

The wanton destruction of our game is no new theme, but it is one on which a writer may well afford to brave the charge of triteness. Regarding most species, however, regrets are vain, even if natural. Large quadrupeds cannot ordinarily exist in the environment of civilization.

But the case of the prairie-hen is different. Wherever there are meadows and oat-fields of reasonable extent it can thrive, and will thrive if given a fair living chance. Wheat is its favorite cereal, it is true, but if need be it soon learns to do without it, as, indeed, its ancestors did for untold centuries. Denied stubble of any kind, it proves its adaptability by taking to the corn and to the bean fields, and even to thickets of underbrush. And in any and all situations it lives mainly on grasshoppers and other insects during the early part of the season, thus recompensing the farmer many times over for any gleanings it may make in the grain-fields later on.

With all its other good qualities, the prairie-hen is a hardy bird, capable of thriving in regions where bob-white—its only competitor for the title of the typical American game bird—winter-kills badly. All in all, there appears to be no adequate reason, despite the discouraging history of the past half century, why the prairie-hen should not fifty years hence be the reigning game bird of all but the mountainous portions of the Northern half of our country, as bob-white is sure to be in the Southern half. The original habitat of the prairie hen, or at least of its scarcely distinguishable relative, the heath-hen, extended eastward to the Atlantic seaboard, and I see no reason why, with proper care and protection, this entire region might not again be stocked with this splendid game bird. But first of all, of course, we must turn the tide that has of late been running so fearfully against the bird on the prairies of the West. To accomplish this nothing is needed beyond the enforcement of reasonable game laws. Fortunately, most of our Western States are already taking steps in this direction.

THIS BUSY WORLD

GREAT are the achievements of contemporary science in the department of therapeutics. No one who has undertaken to raise a family can fail, or at least should fail, to be thankful for anti-toxine. It has really annihilated the worst terrors of diphtheria, and grateful voices rejoice in it wherever it has been used. Its success revives hope that the wise men will presently learn to deal effectually with the bacilli of consumption, and of cancer too, if it should turn out, as begins to be suspected, that cancer is a communicable disease.

Every great medical discovery seems to tend to run itself somewhat out of breath at the start. After the operation for appendicitis was invented it was thought that skilful surgeons who knew how to do it were somewhat too willing to perform it, and slit open a good many people who would have got on better unopened. One hears now that as the novelty of the operation has worn off, and the doctors have grown more used to it, it is used with a riper discrimination than at first, and has grown surer and safer and a little less frequent.

Just now the medical novelty seems to be the pursuit of the microbe. It is carried on with an ardor that sometimes makes both laymen and doctors smile. One hears such stories as that of a man who went to his physician with a slight sore throat, left a little of the lining of it to be examined, got a gargle, and went home. That night he went to the theatre, but was called out in the middle of the performance and told that the membrane from his throat had diphtheritic microbes in it, and that he must go home, which he did; but all the folks with sore throats in the audience who happened not to have seen a physician staid the show out.

We laugh at the multiplication of precautions, and think our medical masters aspire for us to an impracticable degree of security. But we don't laugh very hard, and we do as we are told, confident that after all that is known has been done for our protection there will still be a great plenty of chances for us to take.

In a recent discourse on manners, delivered to an audience of working-men and others at the Prospect Union in Cambridgeport, Professor Charles Eliot Norton said:

"I see every day exhibitions which make me question whether we are becoming more or less civilized. The most striking example of this is the manner of the men on electric cars. I never board a crowded car without being struck with the barbarism shown. I see men allowing women to stand."

This particular illustration of bad manners emphasizes the fact that Cambridge, like all the other cities, is getting crowded, that morning and night the street cars running

between that erudite city and the adjacent town of Boston transport very great numbers of people. About six o'clock every afternoon, and especially on afternoons when there are football matches on the Soldiers' Field, the trolley-cars both going in and coming out of town over the new Harvard bridge are jammed full, and give the philosophical observer a chance to observe the manners of crowds that can scarcely be excelled on the elevated railroads in New York. Crowds are very bad for manners, and crowds in public vehicles are worst of all. When any sort of car bids fair to be crowded, not to hurry aboard and get a seat if possible is almost universally felt to be a neglect of a simple and obvious obligation. As a matter of fact, unless one is trustee of the comfort of ladies, the seat is seldom worth hustling for. To sit down in a crowded car is only a shade less uncomfortable than to stand up, and the man who stands up has the very material advantage of being quit of the uneasy obligation to get up and give some one his seat. "He that is down need fear no fall." He that is standing up in a street car is not quite free from that risk, but at least he is quit of all obligation to rise, and that is a relief that is well worth all it costs.

One of the remarkable holiday publications of this year will be the Harper's edition of Shakespeare's Comedies in four volumes, with pictures by Mr. E. A. Abbey. Many of the pictures have appeared in HARPER'S MONTHLY, and will be remembered by any one who saw them. The originals of these illustrations have been on exhibition this month at Wunderlich's in New York, at Earle's in Philadelphia, and at Chase's in Boston. Thirty-seven or thirty-eight pictures were allotted to each show. They have attracted attention and admiring comment wherever they have been seen. As reproduced for publication they appear in a slightly reduced form, but without loss of quality or beauty. Indeed, the prevalent impression is that they gain somewhat by reduction, as often happens with drawings made to be reproduced. Mr. Abbey's extraordinary success in these pictures is so generally appreciated that the Philadelphia *Ledger* echoes a common opinion when it speaks of him as having "spoken the last word on the illustration of these fine old comedies.... just as he has closed the books of Herrick to other artists forever." Doubtless Mr. Abbey would disclaim any purpose to be exclusive, but it is the extraordinary merit of these drawings of his that in their particular field they seem to take up all the room and leave nothing more to be done.

Some of us who still lag, unconvinced and unconverted, on the outskirts of the woman-suffrage movement are apt to think of such leaders as Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony as generals in a hostile camp, for whose success our own patriotism does not yet permit us to hope. If we don't want women to vote we are against Mrs. Stanton in that particular, for she does. But it is not for any one of us to think of himself as generally hostile to her without considering what her life work has been, and what our attitude is to results which she has struggled for and done her best to bring about. It will be hard for most of us to recall a single easement or advantage to women which Mrs. Stanton has worked for of which we do not approve. She worked to gain independent property rights and legal equality for married women, and to gain for all women as good a chance to work, and to learn, and to earn money as men have. We would not deny women any of these things. We would not undo any of Mrs. Stanton's work so far. Her triumph in those past gains is a victory for us too, and in spite of any doubts we may have about woman suffrage we are still entitled to join our modest note to the pæans in her honor.

Dr. Conan Doyle, having warned English writers not to expect too great pecuniary returns from lecture tours in the United States, has found it necessary to add that it is quite true, as stated by Major Pond, that his own tour was "successful far beyond all possible expectations." Still, he repeats, that for English lecturers in America money-making should be a secondary object, and then there will be no risk of disappointment.

The warmth of feeling shown in Chicago for Eugene Field is remarkable. It is more like the sentiment of a lot of villagers for an intimate associate than the feeling of people in a great city over a newspaper man. Field always wrote about his neighbors in Chicago as though they were villagers whom he knew well, and in whom all the other villagers were interested. His acquaintance in Chicago must have been very large, comprising very many different sorts of folks. It is really depressing to think that the immense amount of ready information that he possessed about that town has passed forever out of use. Such a loss of accurate knowledge seems sadly wasteful. But Chicago knew him as well as he knew Chicago, and its knowledge of him still remains, and is active and ready for work. His earnings were probably never much in excess of his expenditures, for thrift seems not to have been among his virtues, so that the principal reliance of his family for support is likely to turn out to be the copyrights of his books. Certainly it is felt in Chicago that Field's family needs attention, for a meeting was held in the Central Music Hall on the evening of November 8th to start a fund for his children. An hour before the meeting opened the house was full, and the steps and sidewalk were crowded with people who could not get in. The fund was started at that meeting with about $500, and has doubtless greatly increased since then. Of his writings there is little talk of anything except his poetry. Any one who thinks that poetry is played out, and that folks in this practical age don't care for verse and cannot be induced to read it, is invited to take notice of the sentiments in and out of Chicago about Eugene Field, and of his apotheosis as the children's poet.

A great secret of Field's popularity was that he was a democrat born and bred, and hadn't any outside crust. Any one could always see him just as he was, and was welcome to come and look. He had by nature a strong social turn and liked company, and though he was an industrious man, and usually busy, he was far more accessible, personally and intellectually, than most busy men. He was so lavish of his moments that he seemed not even to grudge the time for writing letters. His exquisite handwriting and his fancy for illuminating his copy with different-colored inks must be taken as the outward sign of an intellectual characteristic—the willingness to take pains, and a certain pleasure in perfecting his work. His nervous energy must have been very great. No partially torpid man could have written his hand, much less supplied the ideas he recorded.

Besides the fund that is being raised for his family, the Chicago *Record* is receiving small subscriptions for a children's monument to him.

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Department of Street Cleaning,
No. 32 Chambers St., New York, October 29, 1895.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT the office of the Department of Street Cleaning, No. 32 Chambers Street, for receiving and finally disposing of all ashes, garbage, sweepings, and other refuse delivered at the varions dumps or dumping places of the Department by the carts of the Department and all other carts duly authorized to collect the same, until 12 o'clock M. of Tuesday, December 10, 1895.

Forms of proposals, specifications, and contract may be had at the office of the Department.

GEO. E. WARING, Jr.,
Commissioner of Street Cleaning.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD, commencing on the 22d day of October, 1895, and continuing for nine days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following avenue, and street, in the following Wards:

Twelfth Ward: Naegle Avenue between Kingsbridge Road and Tenth Avenue.

Twenty-third Ward: 137th Street from Rider Avenue to Southern Boulevard.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, October 24, 1895.

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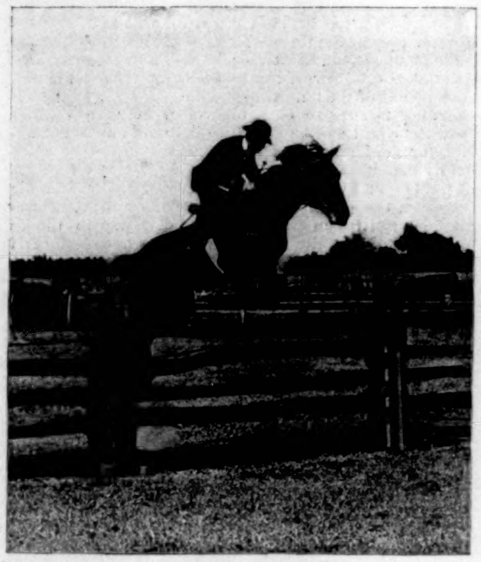


CHAMPION LADY BIRD IN THE FIELD.

AMATEUR SPORT

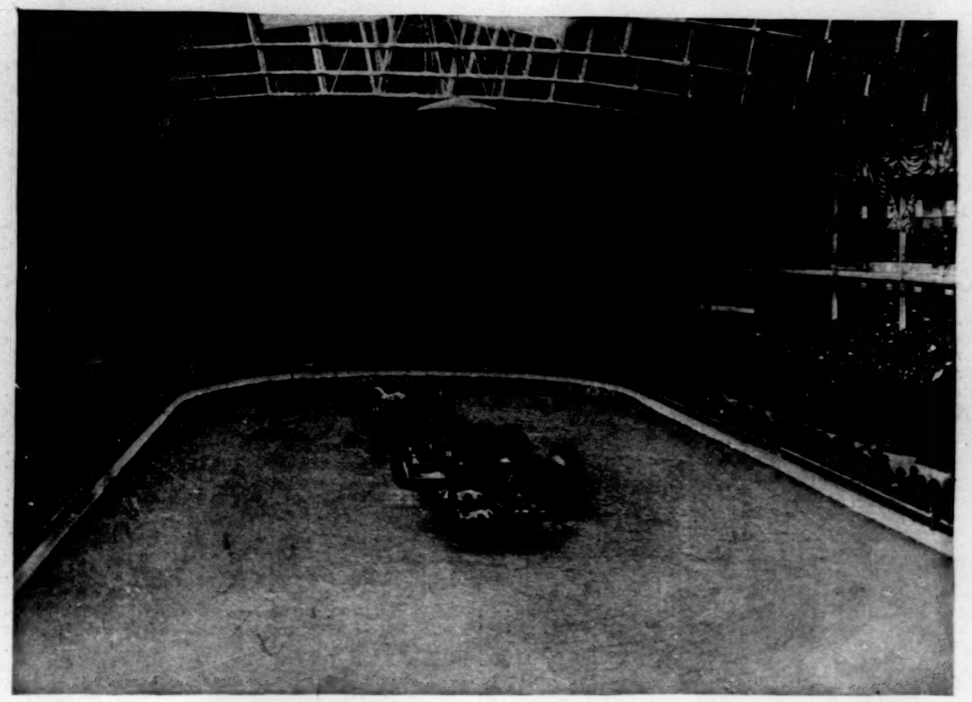
Professionalism in amateur athletics has so often been an object for attack in this department that it seems almost like telling old stories to return to the subject, and yet the state of affairs, not only in isolated cases here in the East, but frequently in the South, and almost invariably in the West, is this year such that amateur athletics are absolutely in danger of being exterminated in the United States if something is not done to cleanse them. I venture to say that not one man in a thousand on the Atlantic coast, interested as he may be in the sport of gentlemen, has any conception of the rottenness of the whole structure through the middle and far West. Men are bought and sold like cattle to play this autumn on "strictly amateur" college elevens. Men offer and sell themselves for an afternoon for from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty dollars, and apparently there is something like a scale of prices just as there is for horses and cows and grain. A list of a few cases here and there through the country shows a state of affairs as disgraceful to the honor of gentlemen as it is destructive to the health—even to the life—of amateur sport in our country, and it is high time that a direct statement of facts, a list of names and prices paid, should be presented to all men, especially to those who are devoted to sport, who know in an indefinite way that there are instances here and there of indirect payment for services, but who have absolutely no idea of the extent to which clean sport has been undermined.

The question of the moment—at least in the abstract—is, what has caused this extraordinary state of affairs, and why is it worse in the West than in the East? The answer involves a little history. Not so many years ago Princeton, Yale, and Harvard were often charged, and no doubt justly in many cases, with paying men in one form or another to play with them. To-day most stringent rules for the amateur are a part of the constitution of every college athletic association of the North-eastern part of the United States. This means that they have gone through a certain course of athletic development: first, ordinary college games; then greater rivalry, an endeavor to make better and better teams, and a consequent increase in the purchase of players; then the wisdom of those who controlled athletics saw that victory was becoming more important than sport, and a hard hand of warning and check was laid on the amateur-professional parasite, so that now—and let us thank the Genius of Sport for it—this worm in the bud is at least in the way of being exterminated. If you will follow the course out West and in the South, in each case you will see at what stage in this inevitable progress the particular team or sport or college in question has arrived to-day. Some are better, some are worse, but in every case the professional element is vicious, and the whole situation taken generally is appalling. Two things make it infinitely worse that it ever became, or could become, here in the East. One of these is ignorance of what amateur sport is, and the other, by far the more vicious, is the deliberate disregard of all amateur laws, and a general scramble to take part in athletics as one would take part in the manipulations of the Stock Exchange to get all that can be made out of it by fair or foul, honorable or dishonorable, means. In the West and the middle West there seems to be no excuse available on the score of ignorance. The whole procedure is bad, and it will as surely kill good sport in time, if not corrected, as it will injure the characters of men who think they can do such things and preserve not only their good standing, but their self-respect. In the South the situation is bad enough, but in many instances pay is taken in the summer to help out college expenses in the coming winter. This is largely done through ignorance of the fact that while money earned and spent in helping out a college course is well spent and may be honestly earned, still money earned by an amateur athlete playing on a professional team is an ill-gotten gain, and a stab at the life of healthy amateur sport. While it may not be a vicious motive, such an influence on sport in general is in the highest degree degenerating. I propose, therefore, in order to give readers of the department some little conception of what is going on in their own country in sport, to make a frank statement of what, I am told on good authority, has already taken place in the West and South this fall; and may it have an influence over all who read it to bring a judgment on those who would wreck sport.

Look at the two California athletic clubs, for example, the Reliance, of Oakland, and the Olympic, of San Francisco. I realized, as many did, that the condition of affairs there was bad, but the result of careful investigation shows a state of rottenness that was entirely unsuspected. The Olympic is without question in the lowest stage. The members, stimulated by the Berkeley trip to the East, have organized teams on which men are being regularly paid. Several times of late the club has been named and once suspended for having prize-fights under the name of boxing-matches, for having six rounds of three minutes each instead of the prescribed three rounds. These "boxing-matches" cannot be held now unless "trophies" to the value of seventy-five dollars are presented to each man—thirty-five dollars for the trophy proper and forty dollars for expenses. The "trophy" consists of an order on a clothing-house or a jeweller, and the expenses are in cash. There is a general idea that thirty-five dollars' worth of trophies is what might be called an amateur amount, while thirty-six dollars would be professional; and the forty dollars of expenses has a certain rigidity to it that does not vary, no matter whether in a particular instance the man has any actual expenses or not. In this connection I have only to mention the case of one man, namely, Foster, the club's best hurdler, who pawned three of his medals, which were found in a pawn shop October 18th of this year, and who then had the effrontery to present himself again as an amateur. It is with a sigh of relief that I learn that he has at last entered the professional ranks, for to all appearances the man has never since youth been an amateur. When a body of men arrives at such a blunted sense of honor and amateur spirit as this, what is to be done? What has the Olympic done? It has gone further still. It has reduced its membership to ten dollars, and taken off certain requirements of admission, so that this "amateur in it for money" can enter. And the decent men—for there are good sportsmen there still—are simply drawing out of the mire, and leaving it to grow thicker and dirtier than ever.

All this is not against the Olympic Club alone. The Olympics are simply a glaring example of the condition of Pacific-coast amateur sport. They merely illustrate a condition, and if there were only space enough to set down here all that could be said, the same general history would be found in the Reliance Club and some of the others. And now in the midst of this mess the P. C. A. A. are proposing to withdraw from the A. A. U., to let go the only rope which may in time pull them out of the mud and help them to grow clean and live honestly! So much for the far West. Now move a little eastward.

How is it in the universities of Michigan, of Chicago, Minnesota, Illinois, Northwestern, etc.? Nearly as bad and fully as vicious as in the West. At Minnesota, for instance, the eleven looked weak this season. Forthwith the manager turned to Parkyn, a man practising law in Chicago, and closed an agreement by which he was to, and did, receive $500 for moving to the university and playing on the football team—all under the guise of delivering lectures, which, except in a few cases, were never delivered. The manager then went after Hoagland, the ex-Princeton man, who was playing with the Chicago Athletic Association eleven. Several telegrams were received by Hoagland, each one more urgent, and offering larger sums if he would only come and play against Chicago, and finally the promised payment for this one game reached $250.



THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK—THE JUDGING-RING.

Turn to the Michigan team, which have been perhaps as bad as any this year. They have played Hall, the old Princeton player, although he was disqualified from entering the Western Inter-collegiate Athletic meeting last spring as being a professional. Hadden, their end rush last year, was offered half a dozen different inducements to return. Hooper, formerly their guard, who is now, or rather was in the summer, practising law in Butte, Montana, has been bought and brought back to Michigan, and is nominally studying there now. Still again, Stevenson, for four years a player on the C. A. A. team, was offered, in a cable-car on October 5th, by Roger Shearman, Michigan's manager, $600 to finish the season with the Michigan team. This was while Stevenson, with the rest of the C. A. A. team, was on his way to play Rush Medical College. I do not even have to look these matters up; they are in the papers. A short time ago the *University of Michigan Daily* said that if some good full-back did not turn up, "Brown of C. A. A. would have to be secured." The *Beloit Round Table* says:

> "Mr. Hollister, in a rather unfair way, considering the lateness of the day, informed the Board of Control that he had been induced by the athletes of the University of Michigan to complete his law course at that institution, but that his brother, Charles Hollister, would accept the position at Beloit if offered him on the same terms."

Hollister, it should be understood, is Beloit's athletic trainer. Chicago University has been worse than ever this year, and considering the fact that Stagg is the director of athletics there, this is, to say the least, surprising. Allen, captain of this "ama-

W. H. SANDS DRIVING OFF FIRST TEE AT ST. ANDREWS GOLF LINKS.

teur" eleven, is a paid instructor in a branch of the gymnasium work, and has often coached for a salary. Ewing coached Northwestern last season, and his case was so notorious that he was disqualified from the pole vault. Nichols, and even Stagg himself, paid athletic trainers or instructors, have competed in different games—amateur games, remember—where prizes were given. Look at the case of Northwestern. Van Doozer, the captain, belonged to a life-saving crew. Suddenly the government forbade members of crews playing on football teams. Van Doozer resigned the captaincy of the team, as the crew business paid his living. Then the team weakened, and forthwith Van Doozer suddenly resigned the life-saving crew and became captain of the Northwestern eleven again, for the reason, as found out later, that he was told that he should "lose nothing by the change." Hudelson came to Northwestern and played on the team, receiving in recompense tuition, room rent, and board free. Thomas of C. A. A. went to Northwestern, and though he had never been to any college at all, he joined the School of Oratory there, never went near the school, but played on the team. And so on and so on, until the history grows tiresome and monotonous and sickening.

APROPOS OF THE MICHIGAN TEAM, it ought to be said to their credit that, whatever the standing of their players, they put up a respectable game here in the East. Their defence-work was strong against Harvard, and the score on Saturday of 4–0 in favor of the Cambridge team shows how closely they were pressed by the Western visitors. The game was a hard-fought match, but there was no suspicion of ugly playing of any kind, and it is for this reason all the more unfortunate that such a paper as the Boston *Herald* should feel called upon to designate their players as "crude blacksmiths, miners, and backwoodsmen." Some of them may be salaried players; indeed, they may be miners and blacksmiths—perhaps a few such would improve some of our Western teams—but the slurring and discourteous way in which the *Herald* used these terms was highly misplaced, and will not do anything to help a better feeling between the East and West. Here is another point in this discussion that might be the subject for a page instead of a paragraph. Few newspaper men feel any responsibility in what they write on athletics. It did not seem wrong to the writer of those words, I suppose, that he should say such things, and yet the Michigan men are recalling that remark now, and carrying away with them a bitter feeling against Boston and against Harvard that is as entirely undeserved by any one except one reporter as it could well be.

NOW A WORD FOR THE SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION. Their case is not as bad, not as vicious, but quite as evil in principle. The Southern League, which was formed last winter, adopted a constitution, which is a good one as such constitutions go. It was made up and adopted because sport began to grow so fast and the professional element developed so extensively through the South that those interested in the matter saw their only escape from shipwreck in a league governed by stringent rules. This was praiseworthy, and if followed it will show good results as surely as the sun rises. At the meeting the following colleges attended: University of North Carolina, Vanderbilt, University of the South (Sewanee), University of Georgia, Georgia Technical School, University of Alabama, and Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama. At that meeting the constitution was formulated, and it was subsequently ratified by all the colleges represented with the exception of the University of North Carolina, which refused to come into the Association on account of the distances between the colleges of the Association, and the matter of expense. Tulane (New Orleans), University of Louisiana (Baton Rouge), Central University (Richmond, Kentucky), and the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi have since joined the Association.

IT WAS EVIDENT THAT THE ABSENCE OF Virginia, the principal Southern university, and the refusal of North Carolina, her great rival, on such flimsy grounds, meant something. Research proved this to be true. Last fall University of North Carolina and the University of Virginia had an agreement as to the standing of players, which read as follows:

1. That the player must be a *bona fide* student who is not under any condition for neglect of study or breach of discipline.
2. That he shall receive no compensation in any form for his services as a player.

This permitted a man who had played in professional teams elsewhere to come to North Carolina and join an amateur team. North Carolina proposed in June to Virginia to play under more stringent rules, which would have admitted both colleges to the Southern Association; but Virginia did not reply, and finally declined. Hence, by a short-sighted though not vicious policy, North Carolina has decided to drop back to the above rules. Under this rule last year three men, namely, Stephens, Oldham, and Lanier, played, though they had played on professional teams in the summer and received money, which they used in paying their tuition at college last year. These men are all good scholars. Two graduated well—one being an honor man—and the third, Stephens, is playing on this year's eleven, having earned more money last summer in the same way.

HERE, THEN, IS THE REVERSE CASE to that of the Olympics. A man certainly has a right to earn money in the summer for his tuition fees, and this man is a good student, and uses his money for a good purpose. The two cases could not be more different in spirit, and yet—and here lies the real point of the whole matter—both are sure to kill amateur sport in time, one just as surely as the other. That one is done in ignorance and the other wilfully has nothing to do with the sport part of the question, whatever it may have to do with the morals involved. In both cases amateur sport is ended, and the reign of the professional, of whatever grade, has begun. The worm in the bud is there again, and must be exterminated, else he will eat the life out of it, whether he be an ignorant worm or a vicious worm, and until the athletic directors and faculties all over America realize this, and summon up the courage to carry it out, spirit and letter, the days of amateur sport are numbered.

YOU CANNOT PATCH UP A MISTAKE by bringing forward good motives or pleading ignorance. Amateur sport must be faithfully upheld according to the strictest rules, for it is of a nature that will either remain absolutely pure or go directly to the bad. When I consider the condition of affairs this moment over the whole country in football alone I am compelled to acknowledge that it is a criticism of the severest kind on the morality of the young men of America, and when the readers of this department see these paragraphs and realize how inadequately such a wretched state of affairs can be treated in a single page of the WEEKLY, that this is but a drop in the hogshead of what is going on, he will be not only astounded but shocked to think that his own countrymen have so little sense of honor and justice and commonplace every-day integrity that they cannot even play their games without cheating in secret or with brazen-faced openness. It is a calamity, and the practice is so widespread that it seems almost incurable. One way there is, however, through which the whole practice can be corrected, and that is by a general union of all athletic men, writers, talkers, and thinkers, making a public crusade against the professional in amateur sport. The most direct way is for all these college faculties to act promptly to root out the evil their very indifference has permitted to exist.

HARVARD AND PENNSYLVANIA WILL MEET at Cambridge, with the chances in favor of the visitors. This seems an inevitable conclusion from the preliminary work of the two teams; there is little to warrant the prediction of a Harvard victory except the advantage of the home grounds and the certainty of a do-or-die spirit in the Harvard eleven which is not usual with crimson teams. Now these often win, and they may win again at Cambridge this year, but they are the glorious exception when opposed to coherent training, and so far as individual strength, team-work, and football science are concerned Pennsylvania's record during the year has been much superior to Harvard's. The recent drop in the team's playing was due to overwork, from which the men will probably be well recovered when Harvard is met. There is therefore nothing to say except that on form U. of P. should have the better of it.

And the more so because the time has been so short for Harvard to unlearn her tricks and learn football before meeting an eleven trained, it is true, along lines of novelty in tactics, but fundamentally in the thoroughness of team and position work taught at Yale, whence U. of P. derives her coaching. It will no doubt be possible for Harvard, animated by the spirit that shone in the eleven of '93, when Pennsylvania was so badly defeated after Yale had won at Springfield, to start in with such a rush as to rob Pennsylvania of all confidence. But unless this extreme of fierce attack is reached, it is probable that, dropping tricks for too great simplicity, Harvard will only show so much *élan* as will place Pennsylvania on the defensive for a while, after which the advantage of morale will again be with the opponents of the crimson.

MAN FOR MAN, THE SUPERIORITY RESTS with the Pennsylvania players, of whom all but three are veterans. The U. of P. line seems, on the whole, far stronger than Harvard's, and if Gelbert replaces Boyle at left end, Harvard, with Captain Brewer off, will be able to claim no great preference for Cabot and Newell over Gelbert and Dickson. Behind the line Harvard can show two veterans in Wrightington and C. Brewer as against Minds and Blair at the halves, but Minds is a veteran player if not a veteran back; and U. of P.'s greatest advantage lies at quarter and full back, for three players have hardly ever worked better together along the piston-rod of an eleven than Bull, Williams, and Brooke. And just there it remains to be seen whether Beale can tie Shaw and Fairchild together as Wrenn would have done. Back of the line, however, lies Pennsylvania's direct weakness in offence—the want of real line-buckers. Blair is too light, Minds runs too high, and Brooke, especially since he hurt his shoulder, goes in sideways; Gelbert (if he plays at half) is essentially an end-skirter.

What tactics Harvard will employ is doubtful. As I have already indicated, I think it probable she will err on the side of too great simplicity—fear to try her tricks at all where formerly she tried them too much. Beyond doubt, with her weakness at tackle, she will rely largely on kicking for defence; that she will endeavor to protect Brewer better than in the Princeton game is to be hoped. Knowing the strength of Penn's centre men, she will probably direct her bucking plays at tackle; and if she adopts the Princeton tandem, she may make gains, since it was on this play that State College made her touch-down against Pennsylvania. Her end interference will have to go very fast to make ground against Gelbert and Dickson, for the U. of P. defence breaks up interference very quickly, and shuts the runner back.

IT IS ON ELEMENTARY GROUND ATTACK, curiously enough, that Pennsylvania is weakest. She has no true bucking back, and her interference this year, while very successful if well brought off, starts very far back of the line, and needs to start with the rapidity of a bolt to avoid a tackle from behind. And Blair, if he plays half, is not heavy enough in this work. Up to date, Wharton has not been able to carry the ball, and though Off gains ground well, he is slow in starting. Woodruff, however, is generally good for ground, especially on desperate final plays. But this season Pennsylvania has shown her best form in the more advanced ground attack—*i. e.*, in forming interference after a punt has been passed, in dashing down on fumbles, in blocking kicks, and in dodging—and on the aerial attack—*i. e.*, quarter-back kicks and punting on offence. With her men in condition she has played a very fast and exciting game, the whole team combining in every play, and all helping each other forward in a remarkable manner. This fast and scientific work, in the absence of first-class line-bucking, might not be able to win against a team with a perfect defence like the Princeton team of 1893, but if shown at Cambridge it is likely to confuse the inadequately prepared Harvard team of 1895.

TO SHOW SUCH FORM, however, U. of P. will have to discard the fumbling and high tackling picked up during the period of her "slump," and Captain Williams will have to get rid of his mental fatigue; for the great fault of the Pennsylvania team all season has been its slowness in lining up. In fact, it is likely that both teams may play a disappointing game in this respect; the arrangement of the momentum interferences is too often destructive to quick attack. That Woodruff will spring a new offensive play at Cambridge seems probable; what Deland will do is uncertain. But Woodruff's plays are not tricks. It would not be surprising to find him using some new development of the tandem principle.

Kicking is sure to be a feature of the game on both sides. The ball will be passed to both Brooke and Fairchild for field goals, and as Pennsylvania not only frequently uses her quarter-back kick (and always for gains), but punts on a first down as no other first-class eleven has ever done, the duelling between Brooke and C. Brewer will be beautiful to watch, as indeed it was in the '94 game at Philadelphia. If Harvard does not score early in the first half, her chances of scoring at all seem very uncertain. On the other hand, if U. of P. scores early she may run up a higher score than last year, for she can play a forcing game with success, and will try to beat Princeton's score. This, however, Harvard will work with desperation to prevent, as two such defeats in one season would be almost intolerable. All depends on the condition in which Pennsylvania goes on the field.

WE PUBLISH WITH PLEASURE the following disclaimer of reported sentiments, which at the time drew forth the criticism of this department:

"My attention has been called to the New York *Sun* of October 17th, in which appeared what purports to be an interview with me as to athletic relations between Harvard and Yale. (Your comments on it were natural and proper, and quite in accordance with my own feeling.) The interview was entirely unauthorized by me, nor have I ever used such language or expressed such sentiments.

Yours respectfully,
JOSEPH H. BEALE, JUN.,
Chairman Harvard Athletic Committee."

THE YALE-PRINCETON GAME next Saturday, on Manhattan Field, will undoubtedly be the most interesting football struggle these two universities have yet had. And I am frank to say its result is very difficult to foresee. There has never been a year when the style of play made judgment so uncertain, for in this kicking game a hesitating half-back and a fumbled ball usually mean a touch-down. I am well convinced that the team which has more thoroughly mastered the kicking game is more than likely to be the winner on Saturday, and from Yale's showing against Orange it is evident her coachers have realized the great importance of strength in this department. It is likewise evident that Princeton, with her very strong defence, appreciates her need for development along this line, and will use her utmost endeavors to perfect play in which she has been weakest. There is no doubt that Yale is already stronger in this style of game than Princeton, and that leaves the question whether the latter can bring her team up to the required standard in the remaining week of practice. With Princeton's greater strength of line it will not perhaps be necessary for her eleven to show so high a degree of skill in actual kicking, but it will be absolutely necessary for her to be sure in all she does in that respect. Unquestionably the backs are going to be repeatedly tried, and if they fail even once to get under the ball or to hold it the error is certain to be fatal.

PRINCETON'S LINE IS STRONGER THAN YALE'S, and yet I shall be surprised if by next Saturday it will be as much so as popularly supposed. In the centre Gailey, Riggs, and Rhoades will probably be a bit stronger than Yale's H. and R. Cross and Chadwick; Murphy and Rodgers will play the tackles for Yale, and with Lea and Church for Princeton we shall see the four best men of the season opposed. Lea's shoulder has not permitted his playing since the Harvard game, and if he should not last, Princeton would suffer greatly, for beside being a bit better than Murphy he is the leader in fact as well as in name of Princeton's eleven, and Tyler is not so good as Murphy. Church ought to have the better of Rodgers. At end Cochrane of Princeton is somewhat better than Hinkey or Bass, and Hearn has not shown quite so good as either. Behind the line Yale's superiority is pronounced. Fincke at quarter gets the ball into the runner's hands, or back for a kick with a speed that is not equalled on the field to-day, and it is not likely Princeton's forwards will get through fast enough to reach the full-back as they did against Harvard. Yale has worked up this feature to such a nicety that it seems as if only phenomenal work by Princeton will result in a blocked kick.

YALE'S STRENGTH BEHIND THE LINE is not half appreciated. Thorne is brilliant in line bucking and kicking, and a strong defensive player. De Witt, though not so brilliant, is a hard runner, a ground-gainer, who plays with his head, and is very clever in dodging through a broken field. Jerrems runs into a line with force, is good on the defensive, and punts well. But the strength of Yale's backs is in their combination. They work rapidly and altogether, and not an instant of time is lost from the moment the ball is snapped back by the centre. With the exception of Armstrong, who is a powerful line-breaker and a strong defensive player, Princeton has no one back of the line comparable to Yale. Armstrong is really but little inferior to Thorne. Sutor at quarter has done well for so inexperienced a player, but he has not the speed of Fincke, nor is he likely to acquire it. Rosengarten is not equal to DeWitt, and Baird, although punting as far, has not been so sure as either Jerrems or Letton, and has not shown himself to be the ground-gainer that either of the Yale men is. Yale's backs handle kicks more certainly, and there are two who can punt to Princeton's one.

Yale knows the Princeton line, and will not probably waste her strength on it until within striking distance of a touch-down, and then she will work with great rapidity some plays that are very telling. Princeton's offensive game is simple, but its strength lies in the splendid manner in which it is backed up. Every man is into the play. With these well-executed plays and close wedge-work, they ought to work the ball down the field, and if close to Yale's goal I hardly see how they can be kept from scoring. In fact, both teams are likely to score, and if Princeton's line can hold, and her backs get under Yale's kick, she ought to win; but because of Yale's superior kicking and more certain handling of the ball, I believe the chances are slightly in favor of a small but hard-earned Yale victory.

Comment on golf and other football reserved for next week.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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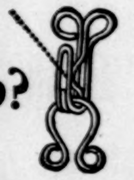

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